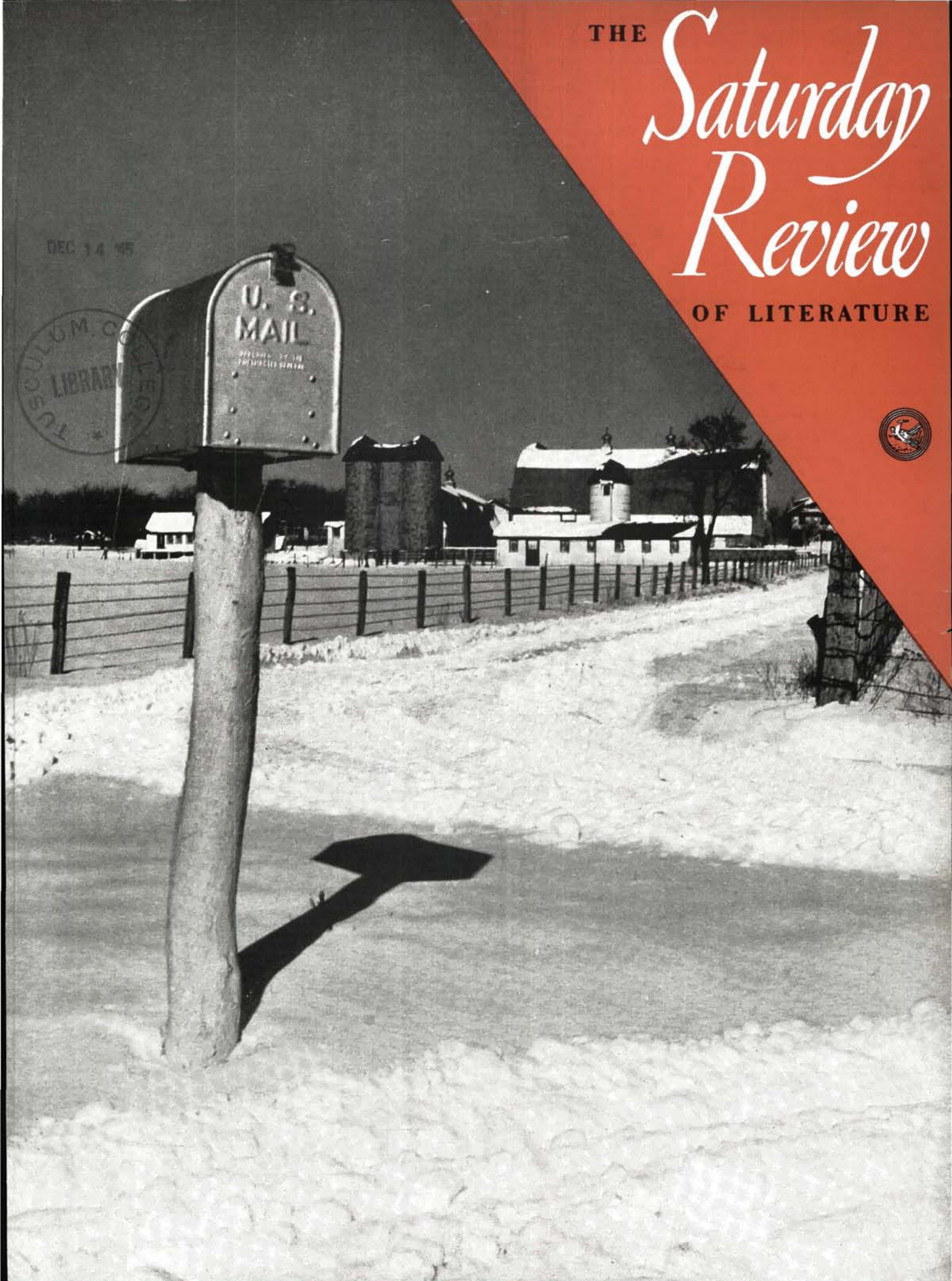

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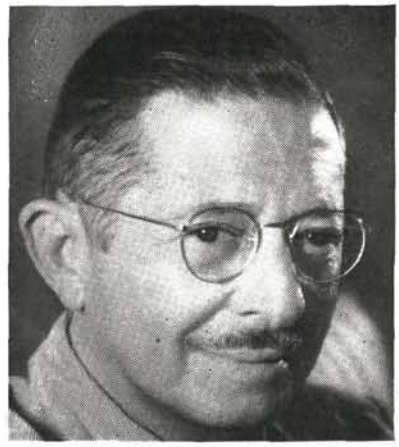
By John B. Powell



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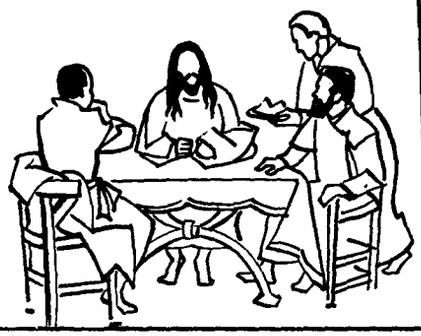

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20th Anniversary Year

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The Holt Owl

WE SHALL NEVER KNOW what caused Fred'k Leypoldt, of New York and Philadelphia, to choose an owl for his colophon. Certainly he could not have had access to our dictionaries where one definition is "a person accustomed to be up late at night". We like to think he knew Webster's definition which says owls "are, with few exceptions, beneficial to man". Taken together, in proper proportions, you have a publisher.

And what a publisher Leypoldt was. A tiny 1864 catalogue the size of a calling card includes on its still-white pages Schiller in English, THE ICE MAIDEN AND OTHER TALES by Hans Christian Andersen, THE LIFE OF CHOPIN by Franz Liszt, Heine, Matthew Arnold, and a miniature Dante Album—76 card-size photographs from Gustave Doré's illustrations $12.00 in a neat case. No wonder the first owl has his ears beaten back.

By 1866 the firm was Leypoldt and Holt, the owl had pricked up his ears, and the oak leaves were discarded. But the publishing house, now at 646 Broadway, had flourished. Six pages of Tauchnitz editions were listed, and so were French, Greek, and Latin classics from other European publishers.

In the following ten years or so, the owl changed his species and Mr. Leypoldt's honored name was dropped. Henry Holt and Company was now located at "12 East 23rd Street, Madison Square", three blocks from where we are now (which makes us wonder how the restaurants in the neighborhood were in *those* days). There were usually two catalogues issued during these green-bay-tree days: Educational and Miscellaneous Books. The latter category seems an unfair belittling of Thackeray, Kingsley, Taine, Hardy, Turgenieff, Mill, Sainte-Beuve, Berlioz, Boswell, Wagner, Goethe, and all the others whose names and works are listed. Less well-known but pretty substantial stuff included ABRIDGEMENT OF THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS, the first of the Science Handbooks Series, John Fiske's TOBACCO AND ALCOHOL for $1.00 (Part I—It Does Pay to Smoke; Part II—The Coming Man Will Drink Wine), Henry James's COMMUNISM IN AMERICA, Symonds' RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, and a history of Yale, which was Henry Holt's alma mater. Very very successful was GOODHOLME'S DOMESTIC CYCLOPEDIA composed of 652 pages, with over 300 illustrations, and chapters by 15 authorities on Food, Furniture, Rearing a Family, Domestic Animals, Gardening and Floriculture, Weights and Measures, Business Forms and "the LAW bearing on them as well as the laws (so far as it is safe for the layman to rely on them) affecting the ordinary transactions of life". Henry Holt was a rugged individualist.

In 1882, Holt moved again, to 29 West 23rd, and in 1883 the September Educational Catalogue has a note written in fading ink which reads "The miscellaneous business had become so poor, owing to the absence of International Copyright, that the miscellaneous part of the catalogue was suspended at that time". The size of the catalogue dropped from about 150 to 84 pages. In 1886 a Chicago office was opened, and obviously business from "western teachers" was good because two years later the Chicago headquarters moved down Wabash Street from number 151 to 239.

By 1896, the catalogue again contained "Miscellaneous" but it was now dignified by being called "General Literature" Pictures of authors were included, from a line cut of Heine, to a photograph of Fanny Kemble at what appears to be the age of six, to "Anthony Hope" Hawkins. THE GADFLY by E. L. Voynich was rolling through its second edition, characterized as "a Remarkable New Romance".

Our 1901 owl has earned himself a wreath of immortality, perhaps because Henry Holt was then publishing William James's PSYCHOLOGY, Ruskin's SESAME AND LILIES, Goldsmith's THE TRAVELLER and THE DESERTED VILLAGE, and believe it or not, CHAPTERS IN MODERN PSYCHOLOGY by Joseph Jastrow.

The coy bird on the right is taken from a Greek coin which Henry Holt picked up during a trip to the continent, and was first used in 1903.

The catalogues in the early 1900's grew fatter, the titles more catholic, and Mr. Holt's particular genius as a leader in his field continued. Books such as ANIMAL SNAPSHOTS AND HOW MADE, OUR PHILIPPINE PROBLEM, and THE NEGRO AND THE NATION have a modern ring to them. Carroll Watson Rankin's DANDELION COTTAGE was advertised by newspaper quotes as "simple, wholesome and withal most entertaining", and the book still appears on state Board of Education reading lists. The Temple Shakespeare, published in co-operation with J. M. Dent, was listed in the Poetry and Drama section, and early books of May Sinclair graced the literature pages. Like the owl, Mr. Holt obviously stayed awake nights.

By 1915 there were forty Yale Studies in English available, and the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge had appeared. The complete catalogues of the 1920's, whose woodcut owl was designed by J. J. Lankes, look very like today's.

As the decades went by, the titles in the Henry Holt list maintained their breadth of interest and exhibited the same encouragement of good writing here and abroad. Running an eye down the index (a fine modern innovation in a publisher's catalogue) one picks up names like William Beebe, Henry Seidel Canby, Dorothy Canfield, Walter de la Mare, John Dewey, Albert Einstein, Robert Frost, A. E. Housman, Constance D'Arcy Mackay, William De Morgan, Marcel Proust, Romain Rolland, Carl Sandburg. A solid list, well-rounded, with a contemporary feel—like the 1940 owl designed by T. M. Cleland.

Now in 1945, the owl has become truly a part of the Holt name. Despite his variations of design, the owl is still an owl, and a wakeful publisher is, we hope, still beneficial to man.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Merry Christmas, America!

HANS BENDIX

I AM ONE of the thousands of Europeans, generally called refugees, who preferred America's hospitality to Hitler's. Now, with a grateful bow to the American Army, I am home again in Denmark. My feelings on leaving America were the honest thoughts of a candid lover. Here are some of the things, good—and with your forbearance, bad—which I shall say about America to my friends and readers in Scandinavia.

America is an overwhelming country to a stranger. It is the country where humanity, for the first time in modern history, was let loose. Americans grew up great in virtue and great in faults. Their toys are continental railroads and world airlines, their backyards whole states. On Sunday picnics they do not leave waste paper on the grass, as little peoples do; they leave the carcasses of Fords.

Thomas Jefferson is their thoughtful uncle, but Paul Bunyan is the big brother they naturally emulate. When war came, this peaceful people built, almost overnight, the biggest war machine that even the Germans had ever seen. And through it all, in peace or war, they breathe the air of liberty. In Europe, humanity has been suffocating for centuries; her civilization is stored in museums. European history is a musty manuscript, American history is an exciting novel.

That it would prove too exciting was the warning of a dear old aunt of mine in Denmark. When it became clear that my physical and literary health would be better far from the Nazis, and when I had decided to go to America, my aunt went to work on me. I would lose my shirt, she insisted, in a country where drink, gambling, adultery, and gangsterism flourished. Most of 5,000,000 Ku Kluxers would meet the "furriner" at the dock, with a noose. She reminded me of Clemenceau's saying, "America is the only nation in history which miraculously has gone directly from barbarism to degeneration without the usual interval of civilization." How, she demanded, could I take care of my wife and two daughters in such a land?

I am bound to admit that my aunt was not one hundred per cent wrong. To be born in America at the age of forty-three was not easy. But to my aunt's exhortations I can now reply:

I have been in the South, and on the alfalfa plains of Nebraska and among the tall corn of Iowa. I drove my family in an old Ford over the dusty deserts of Arizona and through the Rocky Mountain passes. I have lived in Detroit, in Chicago, in Harlem's ghetto, even in Hollywood. Where are the gamblers and gangsters? Mothers of Europe! America is a safer place for your daughters than the convents of Belgium.

Yes, they learn here to walk with the same assurance and freedom with which America's own goddesses walk. Be their profiles Persian, Jewish, Negro, or Scandinavian, they talk the same expressive language, have long legs, and carry their breasts as the fruits of a new world should be carried. For this alone I would willingly trade the whole educational system of Europe.

The illustrations by Mr. Bendix accompanying *"Merry Christmas, America!"* are from *"The Lady Who Kept Her Promise"* (to wit, the Statue of Liberty), a little collection of his sketches distributed by the American Artists Group, Inc., in 1941. Previous to his recent return to Denmark Mr. Bendix was OWI's Danish expert in New York. In his homeland he is a well-known cartoonist and political commentator.

It is in the little things of life, the daily routine, that the American is least conscious of how different his country is. About the big things of the spirit he is well aware. But because he is so accustomed to them he does not realize how Europeans gape at his fantastic drug emporiums, where hardware, household goods, optical productions, stationery, and dry goods have beaten the pharmaceutical art into a rear cubbyhole. In those stores the orgies of sodas and milkshakes look, and taste, like a steam laundry.

Americans take for granted the air-conditioning of their movie theatres, which is often more pleasing than the movie itself. They live naturally with their monumental Sunday newspapers, the multitude of secretaries who block off your telephone call from the one person you want to talk with, the dreadful ice water which paralyzes digestion through every course of every meal.

Yet the ice water, like every dismaying aspect of American life, has its cheering aspect. When it runs instantly out of the hotel faucet it is a miracle, no less. It is always wonderful to me that in America all practical things work. Doors, even incredible trick glass doors, open and close efficiently, radios work, and automobiles and refrigerators. You say "of course," but you do not know what nuisances the mechanical things of Europe often are. All the intellects of the Old World have never solved the problem of the used razor blade, for example, but in this land of casual greatness, slots for used blades are built right into the structure of tall buildings.

A practical country, yes, where the bus driver, with only the normal allotment of two hands, is at once cashier, tourist guide, and chauffeur. Yet with all their mechanical ability, Americans permit themselves and their horrified guests to suffer perpetually from the electric shocks which leap at you in winter from doorknob and light switch. They use the absurdly impractical English yard and

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FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION—

ounce, until they deal with the dollar, when practicality returns with a rush and the decimal system.

Americans even have practical dreams. In their skyscrapers they dream of a little cottage in the country, which they can achieve. Europeans in their cottages dream of skyscrapers, which they do not achieve.

It has amused me to hear Americans fretting over the standardization of life in Russia. Standardization? Americans listen to the same radio, look at the same movies, read the same syndicated columnists, use the same gasoline in the same cars. Like identical new coins from the mint are the girls getting out from under the same helmets of the same beauty parlors. From New York to Los Angeles I have eaten the same sandwiches; and the sausage was like one continuous pipeline across the country, from which I could cut the same slice in Oswego and in San Diego. I could, if I wished, then buy the same digestive restorant in the same package at the same price.

Packaging in America is an art with liabilities. The people are a little prone to be charmed with the package and disregard the contents, to see the cellophane, not the cigar. Yet the cellophane is good, and the abundant Havana cigars are better. I sometimes wonder if something of the sort has not been applied to the matter of prostitution; one sees no prostitutes on the streets, as one does throughout Europe, but perhaps it is just a matter of packaging?

In Europe, the poor envy the rich. In America, the poor expect to be rich. There are no horizontal inherited barriers of caste to put a remorseless ceiling on a man's future. The Negro, to be sure, struggles with enough barriers. But it is possible now to see even above and beyond those barriers, for signs abound that the American culture, especially in the arts, is enriching itself by absorbing Negro vitality and Negro ideas.

This is indeed a kindly land, sometimes too kindly. In my first year in New York, when I was fighting for my own private enterprise, I trudged the streets, stacks of drawings under both arms. Looking up at the buildings with millions of windows winking at the skies, I felt like an unfortunate glazier come to town, and not one window needed my pane of glass.

The intricate New York subway used to confuse me considerably. Once I was so absorbed in getting in the right direction that I distractedly put a nickel on the wooden tray of the change booth. The man inside looked at me compassionately, closed the bars down, came out and led me to the turnstile, put my nickel in the slot, pushed me through, and said hopefully: "Can you manage now, Professor?"

Everywhere I was received politely, warmly. I was always among friends. The trouble was, none of them had the compassion to say no. For a year, I partly supported my family on promises received. Now and then I would go over to Bedloe's Island and seek comfort in the inscription on the Statue of Liberty:

. . . Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

—AND FREEDOM FROM FEAR

Americans *do* make room for the stranger. They are hospitable. An American friend is never afraid to introduce you to his friends. The European keeps his friends apart, for fear that he himself may be dropped between two chairs. The American not only risks his seat but generously fills your apartment with the furniture he does not need. Nor does he keep an inventory. He risks his friends and furniture as he risks his money. He likes to make money, but as a sport, not as an end in itself. With his money, he buys cars and tennis rackets, and you, having neither, are very welcome to his. That is typically American.

His manners are overwhelming, because they are more than manners. At parties, one meets scores of fascinating people—and never sees any of them again. They say to you, "Now be sure to look me up, I hope to see you soon again," but what that means is, "I don't think we'll ever meet again." I learned this the hard way.

At one party, a charming couple urged me to come and see them some time. I did. I put on my Sunday best and naively went to call, and my horror knew no bounds when the charming couple utterly failed to recognize or remember me. However, in the ever-friendly American way, they asked me to stay for supper. I was so baffled and distracted that I was certainly no conversationalist, and the meal was by no means a success. As soon as I could, I took a hasty departure, so hasty that I left my coat in the hall. Stepping in to get it, I saw, through the slightly open door to the livingroom, the entire family, hands joined, dancing merrily around in a circle, singing "The guest is gone, the guest is gone!"

I love them for it. I should have

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entered, kissed them all, and joined the celebration.

It is in the great things of the spirit that America shines, and never more so than during the war years. New Year's Eve of 1940-41, my family and I descended upon Times Square. A huge crowd was idiotically blowing colored cardboard horns. To eyes used to European blackouts, the sudden universe of neon was a frightening alarm. Were these the people of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, selfishly celebrating their remoteness from the lands where their brothers in democracy were dying? Did they not understand what was in store for them? We very nearly wept.

Eleven months later, when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, our landlady in a sudden outburst held me personally responsible.

"I should never have taken you in!" she shouted. "You come over here and bring disaster with you, you—you—refugees!"

Oddly enough, I did feel a sense of guilt. I had pinned my hopes on the Americans. They had once been able to create a new world; who else could save an old one? Well, I had pinned my hopes to a secure ideal. It was a breathtaking spectacle, to watch the Americans quickly lay aside their colored horns, turn out floods of weapons and armies. Military strategists sprang from the peaceful American soil like just another crop. Swiftly they gave lessons in war to the professional armies of warlike Germania, and, not least of the miracles, in the process they never mislaid or damaged a single one of their treasured civil liberties.

As I watched the *Normandie* burning, and felt that the Nazis had instigated it, I foresaw a wildfire of sabotage, fanned by racial tensions, sweeping the country. I thought of the new American civil war which Hitler had predicted and on which he counted. I did not know Americans. But they knew one another, and they closed ranks. There was less sabotage in America than in Germany.

In many ways, the America I have left is a different country from what she was in 1940. I have seen changes creeping in, some of them little ones which may or may not mean much. There is, for instance, the slow, insidious rise of the bureaucracy we in Europe know well, with its many little officials and their annoying regulations everywhere. Some of the tightness and scarcity of the Old World is coming to America. I used to be impressed with the bountiful American way of always buying new shoes and new stockings; now I see

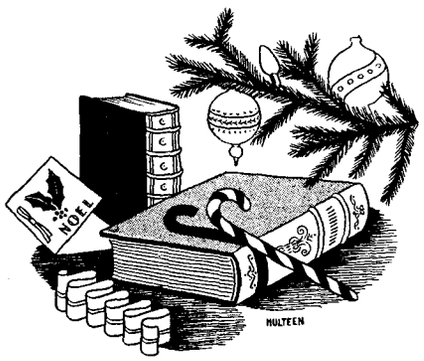
(*Continued on page 83*)

Balancing the Books for 1945

An Accounting of Literary Debits and Credits

AMY LOVEMAN

THE WAR in the past year as in the earlier period of the conflict has in a sense had an inhibiting rather than a fructifying influence upon fiction. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that it has made the task of the novelist harder by pitting him against events which if he ignores them render whatever material he uses pallid by comparison, and if he builds upon them constrain him to work with a drama so gigantic as to defy his best efforts to portray it. The romancer is under an enormous handicap today in making emotion or happening measure up to reality; and that sensibility of the novelist which has meant his ability to seize with quicker and surer appre-



hension than the average man the reactions and moods of his fellows is less peculiarly his possession when the feelings of all men are sharpened and heightened by a profound experience shared in common than in normal times when the individual is more isolated. There are but two courses open to the novelist at the moment; to ignore the war, or to embrace it. If he does the first, his work must have depth as social or psychological characterization or else appear mere escape literature; if he does the second, he is in inevitable competition with the most magnificent and terrible drama humanity has ever known. Either way, poor man, he is at a disadvantage.

Nevertheless, though there has been no fiction of large significance during the past year, there has been a great deal that is interesting and much that is entertaining. Foremost among the war novels is a translation from the Russian (a translation very admirably done by Joseph Barnes), that of "Days and Nights," by Konstantine Simonov. Here is a book that attains considerable stature and which, a story of the epic defense of beleagured Stalingrad, has something of lasting and universal quality in its portrayal of human nature rising to noble action under calamity. There is a spontaneity and simplicity to the feelings and deportment of Simonov's characters, a fidelity to his depiction of war, which give the book both spaciousness and dignity. Another tale of combat, convincing also in its description of men in arms, is Gerald Kersh's "Faces in a Dusty Picture," a tale carried largely by means of dialogue and through it vividly reflecting the weariness, the hardships, and the dauntless determination of a British company on the march to battle across desert country. By way of contrast to this grim narrative is Harry Brown's volume of entertaining tales, "Artie Greengroin," a sort of latter-day Kiplingesque portrayal of the enlisted man. Mr. Brown shows G.I. Joe in his various humors and in his forceful comment upon events and persons. Nevil Shute, on the other hand, presents a more heroic aspect of war in "Most Secret" in which a little band of daring men carry on secret intercourse across the Channel with the French resistance. In more romantic vein is Nicholas Monserrat's tender idyl of a night of love and a morrow's parting, "Leave Cancelled."

The returning veteran, whose readjustment to civilian life has already engaged so much general discussion, has also occupied the novelists. In "Three Men in New Suits" J. B. Priestley writes of him from the Englishman's point of view. Just as he has picked his discharged soldiers from three classes of society, so MacKinlay Kantor in his novel in verse, "Glory for Me," has one of his trio of veterans come from the wealthy class, one from the middle, and the third from an humble background. Both writers depict similar reactions on the part of their characters, and both ignore likelihood and finish their novels with a happy ending. John Marquand, in "Repent in Haste," a book so brief as to be hardly more than a long short story, writes with consummate craftsmanship and compassionate understanding of a youth still in service whose wife has played him false during his absence. There is wisdom and discernment in Mr. Marquand's por-

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trayal of the reactions of his young people and the amazing ability that always is his to set a scene with photographic exactitude.

A novel of the war, though not a war novel, which early in the year aroused discussion and admiration was Glenway Wescott's "Apartment in Athens," a moving portrayal of the impact of the Nazi invader upon a Greek family. Not yet out, but shortly to be issued, is a book which should have special mention, Peter Bowman's "Beach Red." This is the chronicle, arranged so that it has the appearance of verse but actually is not verse, of an amphibious landing on a Pacific island, and of the thoughts that throng the soldier's mind as he goes into battle. It is a book in which action and contemplation move along together and which has a vivid intensity of emotion.

As in other years the novelists who would eschew the sorry world of the present have turned to the past for their subjects. Thus Edna Ferber writes the story of three generations of an American family which waxed powerful with the growth of the city of Seattle in "Great Son," and Rumer Godden goes back to Victorian England for the greater part of her "Take Three Tenses," an interesting experiment in projecting a story on the screen of time. Both of these novels deal with the fairly recent past; there is a larger batch which are placed in a more distant period.

C. S. Forester, for instance, in the latest of the Hornblower series, "Commodore Hornblower," goes back to the Napoleonic era, and presents his hero in the Russia of Alexander I where diplomatic and political issues curiously paralleled those of our own time. Mr. Forester has snatched his protagonist, but newly wed, from the arms of his wife after a brief period of honeymoon bliss in which to his great discomfort he has had to play the part of the landed gentleman and from which he hastens to walk the decks in his accustomed energetic fashion. Margaret Irwin has placed the scene of her "Young Bess" in an even earlier era, for her Bess is, of course, Elizabeth of England, portrayed in the period when she was the often unhappy younger daughter of a king who had sent her mother to her death. There is a sympathetic representation of Catherine Parr between whom and her stepdaughter there developed genuine friendship. Robert Graves has succeeded to an amazing degree in lending an air of reality to his supposititious diary of Mary Powell, first wife of the poet, in his "Wife to Mr. Milton," and in making of the latter a forbidding and arrogant husband. At once realistic and picaresque is Samuel Shellabarger's story of the Spanish conquest of Mexico, "Captain from Castile," a tale which has enjoyed wide popularity. The England of Edward I has served Thomas Costain as background for his "The Black Rose," while Texas and the heroic defense of the Alamo furnish the springboard to a vigorous tale in Herbert Gorman's "The Wine of San Lorenzo."

When it comes to the American scene and the present day probably no novel has had wider distribution than Sinclair Lewis's "Cass Timberlane." Here Mr. Lewis has returned to the Minnesota of his early successes, but it is a Mr. Lewis far less bitter, even somewhat nostalgic, who pictures the fortunes of a young wife and much older husband in a medium-sized town where married couples are, to put it mildly, almost without exception unhappy and unpleasant. He has, however, recaptured that amazing ability always present in his earlier novels to reflect the very accent of American speech and detail of American living. In "A Lion Is in the Streets" Adria Locke Langley describes in highly effective fashion the shaping of a demagogue and dictator. Inevitably the reader makes the identification between her hero and Huey Long, but though much of the incident of her tale has obvious similarity to the career of the Louisianian her handling of the character of her protagonist bears evidence to genuine creative ability in the author.

Youth and adolescence are the theme of a trio of striking novels, Anne Parrish's "Poor Child" with its terrible tragedy of unloved and unwanted childhood; William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf," a penetrating and sensitive portrayal of boyhood, written with exquisite delicacy and subtlety, and Walter Van Tilburg Clark's overlong but often arresting depiction of the growth to manhood of a boy in the city of Reno, "The City of Trembling Leaves." No less interesting than the study of personality is that of place in this last tale. Other books which deserve notice are John Steinbeck's picturesque and virile picture of fishermen of Monterey, "Cannery Row," Ben Lucien Burman's "Rooster Crows for Day" which begins and ends along the Mississippi and in between transports its hero to Africa; two tales in which the racial issue is to the fore, "If He Hollers Let Him Go," by Chester B. Himes, with grim delineation of the Negro problem, and "Focus," by Arthur Miller, in which anti-Semitism is the issue; Josephine Pinckney's tale of Charleston aristocracy invaded from across the railroad tracks, "Three O'Clock Dinner," and a promising first novel, "The Chapin Sisters," by Fynette Rowe.

So much for the American scene. There are a number of interesting volumes which set their action in foreign parts, some of them by Americans, others by Britishers. Rosamond Lehmann once again proves the delicate artistry and lovely writing of which she is capable in "The Ballad and the Source," the sort of novel you either like or don't like, but if you like, like very much, and which has what can only be described as a shimmering quality. Letitia Preston Osborne in "They Change Their Skies" manages to blend a tragic strain into what is essentially a gay and charming tale; this is a truly civilized novel in its understanding and sympathetic portrayal of a variously assorted and cosmopolitan group gathered in a pension in Guatemala. In "The Little Company" Eleanor Dark writes effectively of her homeland, Australia, and in "The Happy Time" Robert Fontaine presents delightful sketches of a French Canadian childhood. Wit, wisdom, and tenderness unite to make Bruce Marshall's "The World, the Flesh and Father Smith" a book to read without haste and to remember with delight. And for those who want rousing adventure, the kind that quickens the pulse and keeps the heart in the throat, there is James Ramsey Ullman's "The White Tower," an amazing tour de force in that it is able to make Alpine climbing repeatedly and continuously exciting. A more realistic and vivid portrayal of the attack upon an almost unscalable mountain peak it would be hard to find. There is twofold struggle in Mr. Ullman's tale, battle against nature and the conflict between human beings of different nationality conjoined for a brief

(*Continued on page* 38)

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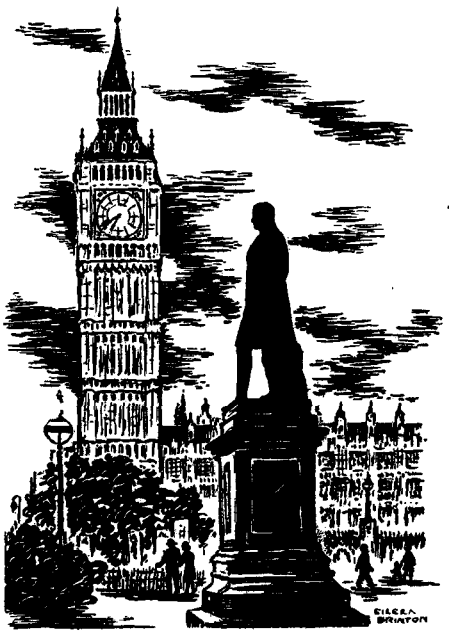
W. M. Thackeray: Man of Letters

THE LETTERS AND PRIVATE PAPERS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. Collected and Edited by Gordon N. Ray. In Four Volumes. Harvard University Press. Vol. I. pp. clxxiii, 522. Vol. 2 pp. 853. Boxed. $12.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON



EIGHTY-THREE YEARS have now passed since the death of Thackeray, yet this is the first comprehensive collection of his letters. If we ask the reason for this delay, the answer is that Thackeray himself did not wish his letters to be published, and his daughter Lady Ritchie felt bound to respect his wishes. Another and even more effective reason for delay is the amount of work involved in such a collection. The task of collecting, transcribing, arranging, and annotating the more than 1700 letters which fill these volumes must have been a severe strain on Mr. Ray's patience and industry. The two volumes now published contain 814 letters, and occupy no less than 1375 pages. Ideally, such work to be perfect should be carried out by a wealthy man of scholarly training with an enthusiasm for literature. Mr. Ray has put us all in his debt, and nobody who reads and enjoys these letters should forget what is owing to the editor's self-sacrificing labors. The preparation and publication of these volumes were made possible by the generosity of the Guggenheim Foundation, of the American Council of Learned Societies, and of Mr. Roy E. Larsen, the President of Time, Inc.; and of course by the cooperation of the Harvard and Oxford University Presses.

After that it sounds absurd to say that in a sense this collection is both premature and incomplete. Owing to the war the editor has been absent in the service of his country, and for the same reason he was unable to use certain groups of unpublished Thackeray letters known to exist in England. Mr. Ray mentions those written to Lady Ashburton, to Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), "Jacob Omnium" (M. J. Higgins), and John Leech, the *Punch* caricaturist. And there must be a good many others. These, Mr. Ray promises, are to be published in a supplementary volume. Having waited so long it seems we might have waited a little longer to have all the Thackeray letters arranged in chronological order. The objection is not made captiously. There is still no good comprehensive biography of Thackeray (though we may hope Mr. Ray will give us one), but the Letters give us something more than an entertaining panorama of Victorian personalities and manners; they form an unconscious autobiography. It is a pity that there should be any gaps in the preserved record.

Not one among the best English letter-writers has been a professional author, earning his living by the pen. In the case of Walpole, Gray, and Edward FitzGerald letter-writing was a compensation for frustrated creative impulses, and to a less extent this is perhaps true of Cowper and Lamb. I mean that they did not fully express themselves in formal writing, and something unexpressed was left over for their letters. This is not true of Byron, Keats, and Shelley, but none of them ever wrote a line for money, none was ever threatened by the dismal literary guillotine of a date-line. Thackeray's fate was entirely different. For years he had to write against time for a bare living, and to maintain himself and his children on the scale he thought befitting. Towards the end of his not very long life he thought and said that he had written too much, that he had taken too many crops out of the soil of his brain. For a professional author letter-writing is indeed a busman's holiday, and only a writer knows what a chore letters are at the end of a hard day's work. How much it says for the warmth of Thackeray's affections that he found time for so many letters to friends and relatives, and that he put so much of himself and his talent into them! Only the mere business notes are jejune, and hardly any of the personal letters can be called perfunctory. It is true that there is nothing profound, nothing that cries out for quotation, nothing brilliant or beautiful in Thackeray's letters, but there is a straightforward life-picture of a commercial man-of-letters which has a very attractive quality.

So attractive are these letters and, oddly enough, so free from Thackeray's worst literary mannerisms, that the thought keeps coming up as one reads them—these may be Thackeray's least perishable contribution to literature. There have been occasions when Thackeray has been severely handled as a writer, perhaps too severely, but it is impossible—for me at any rate—to throw off the feeling that he was an impure artist. Oscar Wilde remarked that "one difference between France and England is that in France every *bourgeois* wants to be an artist, and in England every artist wants to be a *bourgeois*." This piquant statement would be even more striking if it were true, for many English writers and painters have refused a knighthood, but what Frenchman ever refused the *Légion d'Honneur* for art's sake? But the remark certainly applies to Thackeray, however much of an artist he may be considered. In fact there was no need for Thackeray to want to be a *bourgeois*—he could not have been anything else. He was the spokesman of the upper middle class as Dickens was of the lower middle class, and thus both endeared themselves to multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic who admittedly knew nothing about art but did know what they liked. Behind every satirist there is a wounded idealist, and the quality of the satire depends on the nature of the ideal which the satirist fiercely vindicates by denouncing its opposite. The wrath of Thackeray arose from his discomfiture at finding the world lacking the middle-class virtues and prejudices he found or imagined in his mother and step-father.

Not the least interesting section of these letters is that written during Thackeray's student days at Cambridge. Judging from the sketches made by himself and by Spedding at a slightly later time Thackeray had his full share of youthful arrogance. In later life Thackeray was a severe critic of his university, overlooking, like many such censors, the hoary but relevant proverb about leading horses to water. It was not the university's fault that Thackeray, instead of reading Greek, lay in bed all morning in spite of his own repeated resolves to the contrary, and the protests and even prayers of his friends. It was not the university's fault that he went to more wine-parties than lectures, or that two card-sharpers watching him

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THREE WARTIME CHRISTMASES

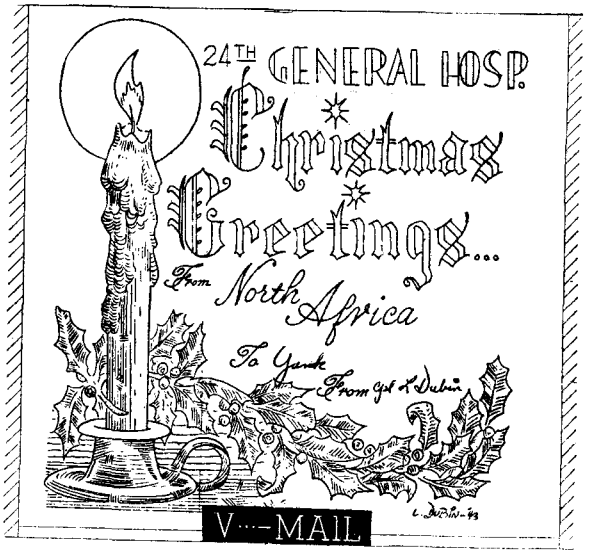
YANK: THE ARMY WEEKLY will celebrate this month its last, but first peacetime, Christmas—and three days later it will join the company of periodicals after whose names, on library three-by-fives, appears the notation "All issued." **Yank** did, however, celebrate three wartime Christmases—those of 1942, 1943, and 1944. From **Yank's** Christmas cartoons of those tumultuous years, its own editors and those of **The Saturday Review of Literature** have made the selections which appear on these pages.

—Sgt. Tom Zib

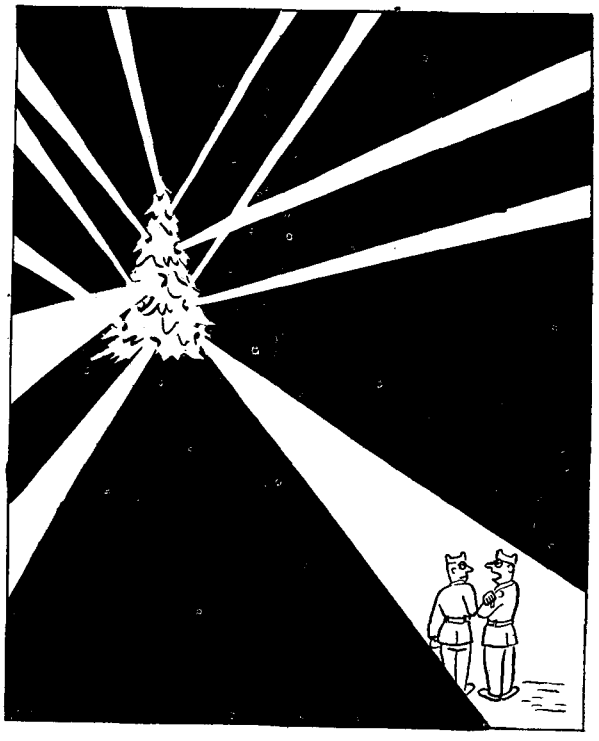
"The Fuehrer must be getting a lot of clocks this Christmas—all his presents are ticking"

—Sgt. Douglas Forsted

"Mistletoe — just in case"

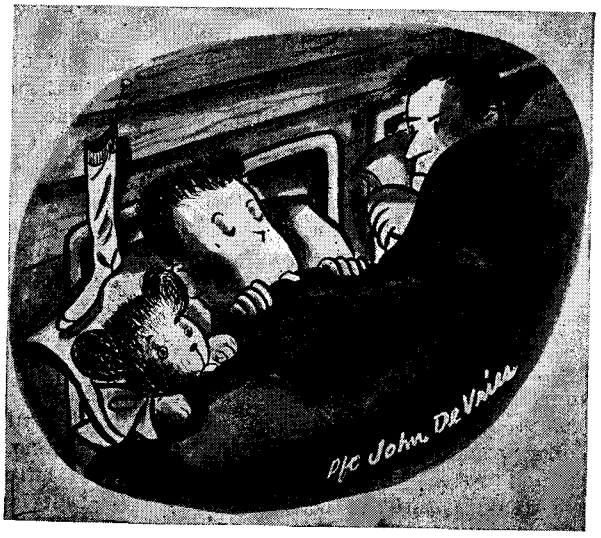


—Cpl. Lester Dubin



—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"It's that searchlight outfit — they put lights on their tree"



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AS SEEN BY YANK'S CARTOONISTS

—*Pfc. Kit Kramer*

—*Sgt. Al Brandt*

"It's Hugo, home for Christmas!"

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Strictly Personal

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The bachelor author of "The Happy Time" recently married and immediately became the all too visible means of support of two small daughters. Now go on with the story:*

SOME TIME ago I acquired a new apartment, a wife, and two charming small children. I find myself now in a strange world far removed from the ivory tower wherein everything was in place, no one disturbed, and the only sounds were the happy clatter of my typewriter and the faint ticking of an ancient clock.

I do not complain. I simply note, with amazement and a touch of perverse delight, that the world of a bachelor author, neat, crisp, and steady, is not the world of a married author with two children.

For instance, in my former tower, a bag of candy placed on a shelf stayed there until someone ate it. It is different now. A bag of candy placed on a shelf is gone in twenty-four hours and yet no one has eaten it. At least both children exhibit a kind of revulsion at the mere suggestion of candy in the house, and the older stubbornly maintains, "I only like carmel corn."

This is a small matter, mind you, but for a mind trained to precision and reality it is a little upsetting to discover that one of the hitherto unknown properties of candy is that it disappears under certain circumstances. It is a little like the electron which moves from place to place without ever having been in between.

Pencils, erasers, and carbon, I have discovered, also possess these properties. They fly from my desk to the children's sittingroom without any human agency operating.

It really becomes a case for the Society for Psychical Research when you consider that the children are forbidden to enter my study for fear they may chew on precious manuscripts or draw my picture in red and green crayons on the backs of valuable checks.

Of course I have discovered valuable facets to my own character which have hitherto been hidden, apparently, in some deep recess in my subconscious. I now find myself, at seven o'clock most evenings, writing a novel with one hand and unbuttoning little girls' dresses with the other. At seven-thirty I am scrubbing small backs with one hand while I scribble notes on a small stool with the other.

I am hugged and kissed at eight so that a sample sentence in a short story often reads: "The rain splattered sharp silver V's good night darling on the stark black I love you good night macadam." I am a little

grateful for having had the James Joyce in me brought out.

One of the oddest changes that have come about is in the matter of publicity. Had I written a novel in my bachelor days I might have slunk down the streets forever unknown, unhonored, and unsung. Not so with my two small publicity agents. We go to the public library and they both announce in the hushed marble reverence of that place: "I want my Papa's book! Where is Papa's book?" This causes everyone to smile and chat until the total population of the library at any given time is thoroughly aware that I have written a book, that it is wonderful, and that everybody better read it.

The same situation applies in the honeycomb of apartments in which we live. There is not a neighbor with children whose children have not informed that neighbor (via *my* children) that "the man with the moustache on the fourth floor left" has written a book. This might seem flattering were it not for the fact that visitors come to the back door, hard by my study, borrow a little sugar from my wife, and peek through cracks in the door at me as if I were an odd specimen permitted a certain freedom and fed through the window.

Oh, well, these are minor matters, perhaps. If you write a book you are bound to be visited by strange anonymous men with beards who have a ten-volume project they would like your advice on . . . and middle-aged ladies who thought your novel was sweet and who bring a pint of gooseberry jam . . . and young girls who majored in English and haven't had time to read the book yet but want you to know they will as soon as the lending library gets it.

It is all part of the fleeting few months after publication wherein you are, at least in the city where you live, a ninety-day wonder and rather pleased if somewhat handicapped in working out your next book, a severe study of economic conditions in the Fijis.

These minor strangenesses can be forgiven and forgotten, but what cannot quite be coped with yet is the problem of small strangers in the house. Big strangers ring the bell, talk politely, and edge their way in. You know, at least, they are there, and you can think up ways of talking to them and getting rid of them swiftly.

Not so with the small strangers of whom my young daughters have made friends. In a few months they have accumulated about a dozen colleagues of all shapes and sizes, creeds and colors . . . all of whom seem to roam at will through the house (no doubt under invitation, in secret, from the small daughters) . . . roam through the house looking for cookies, milk, bananas, or candy; sometimes just walking through the various rooms for exercise.

My wife tells me that is the way with children and their friends but I am still not quite used to it. I sit here banging out my mortal prose and then I suddenly look up. There has been no sound, but out of nowhere two small boys have come and are standing quietly at the door watching me with sly grins on their faces as if I had an odd illness of which they knew but I did not. They seem, by the look in their eyes, to be humoring me.

At other moments I will turn for a piece of carbon and, turning back, find a very tiny urchin clinging to my typewriter and shouting loudly: "I want milk!" I do not know this urchin. I have never seen him before and I will probably never see him again. But he shouts so for milk that I go to the icebox and give him milk. This he gulps down as fast as the speed of sound and banging the glass on the sink runs screaming down the stairs for someone to tie his shoelaces.

Then there are afternoons when I

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lie on my thinking-couch, eyes shut, brain whirring. I am just about to have a great and immortal notion for a novel when someone pulls my nose. It is a friend of my daughters' who begins reading Superwoman out loud to me. It is all about this strange tribe in the Amazon valley and they all have belts which make them good and kind only the Cheetah woman loses her belt and . . .

By this time I have lost my second "War and Peace" so I gently lead the intruder to the kitchen, where she is fed a peanut butter sandwich and sent downstairs to play in the yard.

Now and then three or four, including a small colored tenor, enter my study, line up, and render "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean" and "When My Mother Sews She Hums, Hmmmmm."

There are always new ones, too. Sometimes they come with tops and spin them on my desk. Sometimes they come with cut-out dolls of Betty Grable and dress them on my typewriting table. Sometimes they bring pickles from their mothers. Sometimes they just sit across from me and stick out a tongue.

They are in the bathroom washing sticky hands when I want to shave. They are in the livingroom listening with my daughters to a very loud version of "Terry and the Pirates" when I am dreaming of a saga. They are in the kitchen splashing fingerpaint and screaming joyfully while I ponder weak and weary on a great dramatization of my lonely novel.

They are young and lusty and alive and exciting and they add facets to the minds and hearts of two small daughters . . . they even plait their pigtails for them at times . . . and I have no very great objection to this new stream of life that is pouring through the house.

I only mention the matter at all because I should like my readers not to be startled if they find my style has changed. If I forsake whimsy and attempted wit and what the critics called "enchantment" for blood and thunder and Chinese gongs and panther women and noisy, clattering, smudge-faced drama it will be not because I have indigestion or my feet hurt but because, simply enough, I suffer from a mild case of strangers in the house.

ROBERT FONTAINE

The Sense of Man's Fraternity

NO TIME FOR SILENCE. By Sylvia Lombroso. Introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. New York: Roy Publishers. 1945. 166 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ANN F. WOLFE

THERE is in this little book an Italian priest who sounds the keynote of Sylvia Lombroso's spirit. When a Fascist racialist orders the destruction of the statue of a great scientist and educator the valiant clergyman reminds him: "Our beloved Don Bosco and this man whom you would insult today knew and loved each other. They were divided by a cross, but the meaning of that cross united them." That is the spirit of humanity, tolerance, and forgiveness with which Mrs. Lombroso looks at her persecutors and her enemies.

Victim of Mussolini's political and racial persecution, of the brutality of the Germans—first as Axis "partners," later as open enemies—and of Allied bombardment and occupation hardships, the author of "No Time for Silence" utters no word of bitterness and sends up no cry of hatred. A compassionate woman, she feels sorriest for the non-Fascists "who have been called up to die in a war which is not a war for Italy, but a war for a regime. . . . They were twenty years old, most of them, and they lost their lives. More than their lives, they have lost their death . . . Silently they hand on to us, the living, the ideals that they have not been able to serve."

Mrs. Lombroso, having succeeded in sending her own children to America, kept for them a diary of what she experienced, saw, and thought in her oppressed fatherland. "It was intended, at first, for my children. I hope it now will be read . . . by those who have measured their Calvary and find, today, in their prodigious reawakening, a sacred sense of man's fraternity." "No Time for Silence" is a poignant and significant part of that diary.

The entries open in October, 1938, as the Fascist race program closes in on the author's household. She and her scientist husband seek refuge and a new life in France. There the exiles are caught up in the surge of the German invasion. They return to Italy and to the ignominious "stab in the back" that launched the Italians into the European war. Although their home is destroyed in an air raid and they are hounded from one end of the country to the other, the Lombrosos continue to work for the welfare of refugees colder, hungrier, and more desolate than themselves.

When Mussolini fell, things get worse instead of better. Disorder, destruction, and corruption grow apace. With the disbanding of the Italian army, young soldier fugitives elude the ubiquitous Germans and join the underground resistant forces. Collaborationists and Germans speed up the pace of terrorism. In Florence, where the Lombrosos live under assumed names, their neighborhood is bombed six and seven times a day. Still "the bombs are better than the Germans."

With the liberation of Rome, the retreating Germans wreck, loot, massacre—turn Florence into an Inferno. Miraculously, the Lombrosos escape death in the day and night battles that rage all about them between the Partisans and the earth-scorching Germans. The Partisans play a heroic part in the liberation of Florence. It is they who smuggle the plans of the Gothic Line to General Alexander.

Liberation, the strange new life under Allied control, the merciless black market—in brief compass the author sketches the sequence vividly. The last hurried entry, March 13, 1945, mentions a busy woman's work for the reconstruction of her beloved Italy.

"No Time for Silence" is not just another eye-witness account of the "apocalyptic devastation" of the European war. It is that, true, and as such can hold its own with the best of them. In setting down her account Mrs. Lombroso sees not only the intimate details as they affect her life, but their historical place in the overall picture of the conflict.

But this little diary is primarily memorable as a human document, as the record of a courageous woman's fight for her ideals. Written in a minor key, it indicts by its allusiveness and tells all by its very Duse-like restraint.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, in her introduction to the book, says of the author: "We will be more deeply human for having shared with her the experience of those years." Yes, and for having heard in her simple story the authentic voice of modern Italy.

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From Balzac to Saint Exupéry

BEDSIDE BOOK OF FAMOUS FRENCH STORIES. Edited by Belle Becker and Robert N. Linscott. New York: Random House. 1945. 427 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

CONSIDERING the variety and number of recent anthologies of fiction it is remarkable that we have had to wait so long for a representative collection of French stories. For France has been the country in which the short story has been perfected by over a century of great writers, from Balzac and Gautier to Saint Exupéry and Malraux. There have been a few professional short story writers in France, as there are in America and England, so that all but one of the selections in this volume are the work of novelists who, however massive and voluminous their books have been, have been able to give form and substance to a brief narrative. It is true, as Lewis Galantière has said in his preface, that you cannot get the full measure of Balzac or Zola in this compressed form, though, as one might expect, Anatole France and Flaubert could write short fiction without giving the effect of a giant squeezed into a steel corset.

To an American reader the examples in the book of French fiction of the seventies and eighties or earlier seem incomparably superior to our own writers of the same period. That might be expected, since Hawthorne's and Poe's stories were written earlier and for the last forty years of the last century we had few writers to compete with Flaubert, Daudet, Zola, Anatole France, or de Maupassant, to mention other writers represented in this collection. It might be said that until modern times no American could have written these tales but that the recent stories of Duhamel, Kessel, Saint Exupéry, and Malraux seem as familiar to us as the work of our own writers. Malraux's war story, for example, "The Tank Trap," is excellent reporting and powerfully written, but it is not beyond the range of many Americans or Englishmen, and this is equally true of Duhamel's grim story from the first World War and of Saint Exupéry's recital of the struggle for life after a plane plunges into the African desert. However, if he had written only of the air, and not of the land, there would have been nobody to match him in any country. Saint Exupéry had become something of a mystic before he disappeared into the Mediterranean in 1944, and there may have been some quality especially French in this and in the essentially poetical prose with which he could describe the sensations of flight. Nor is there anything especially Gallic in the last two writers represented, who are not well known to Americans, Jean-Paul Sarte

and Edith Thomas, who is a Parisienne in spite of her name. It is probable that the short story is assuming a form, whether it is written in China, France, England, or America, that is becoming universal and so common to all languages.

Many of the selections will be familiar to their readers—Balzac's "An Episode of the Terror," Musset's "Mimi Pinson," Gautier's flamboyant "One of Cleopatra's Nights," Daudet's "The Last Lesson," Anatole France's "The Procurator of Judaea," de Maupassant's "The Diamond Necklace," and, certainly, his "Madame Tellier's Excursion." How many millions of people have read these stories in how many languages through the years? Others will be less familiar, like George Sand's exquisite story of the long dead passion of an aged marquise for an Italian actor, or L'Isle-Adam's brief "The Torture of Hope," drawn from the Spanish Inquisition. But whether you recognize them or not, or how many years ago you first discovered them, they are all worth reading again.

Mr. Galantière's preface and the excellent biographical notes at the end are the marks of a well-edited anthology, unlike so many of them that are poured out of the presses these days. They give the reader a chance to orient himself in a literary world that may be unfamiliar to him. This volume is a worthy addition, presented in the same format, to the Bedside Books of English and of American short stories; they can, however, be read lying flat on the floor, or sitting erect in a chair.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

TWICE-MARRIED WOMEN

Each of the women in this week's quiz was married twice. From the brief descriptions given below can you identify them? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name and another 5 for the author who created her, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 95.

1. When her first husband, a British banker, died while they were traveling down the Mississippi, she married his prosperous Louisiana associate whom she had known as a child in Italy.
2. After her first husband was discovered to be a bigamist, she married the rising young printer with whom she had always been in love.
3. After divorcing her first husband, an irresponsible poet, she married his half brother, a horse breeder.
4. When her first husband died, leaving her to bear a posthumous child, she married a tall, dark, and handsome villain who browbeat her to death.
5. Many years after she had spurned a stolid and dependable farmer to marry a dashing but worthless soldier, she found happiness with her first suitor.
6. After being long separated from and finally divorced by a man of property, she married his cousin.
7. Her second husband was considerably upset when a casual caller hinted that her first husband, who was supposed to have died in Australia, was still alive.
8. Eleven years after the disappearance of her sailor-husband, she presumed that he was dead and married a man who had been the childhood friend of both of them.
9. Her first husband was killed in the Battle of Waterloo, and it was many years later before she recovered from her grief and married the man who had always truly loved her but never declared himself.
10. After her first husband had been most foully murdered by his brother, she married the brother.

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The Anglo-American Role

THE UNITED STATES AND BRITAIN. By Crane Brinton. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1945. 305 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

PROFESSOR Crane Brinton of Harvard has added one more book to the now large number devoted to Anglo-American relations. His book forms part of the American Foreign Policy Library, of which Mr. Sumner Welles (who writes the introduction) is the editor.

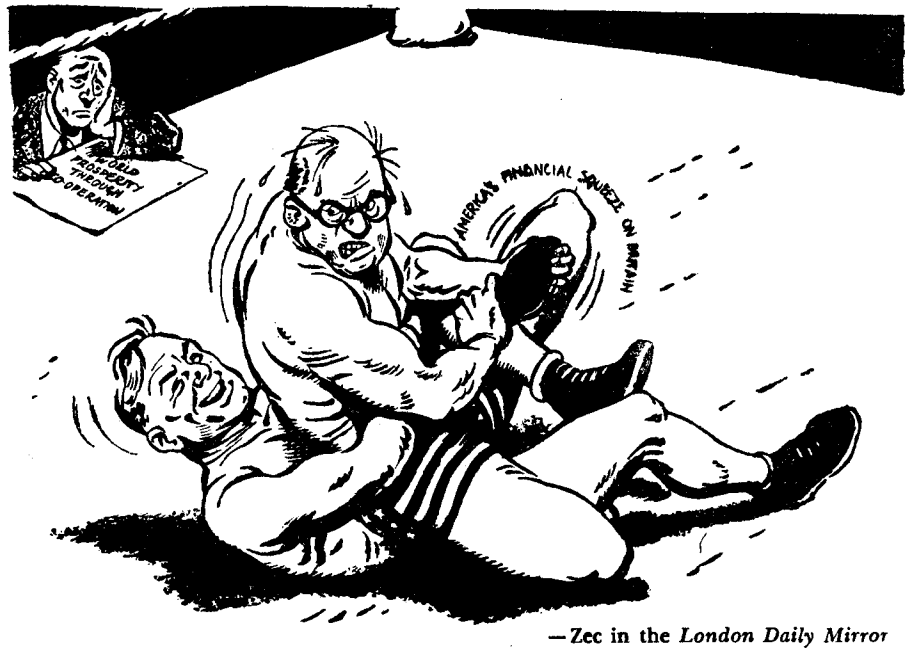
Professor Brinton covers a wide field, beginning with a survey of modern Britain, its government and politics, education, religion, social services, the character of the British people; the effect of the war, the position of Eire, a brief history of Anglo-American relations of the past with an estimate of the economic, political, and psychological problems of the present and the future, and a survey of the position of the United States and Britain in a world order. There are some useful statistical appendices, a bibliography, and a couple of maps.

In all the factual part of the book the author reveals an iron-clad—and successful—determination to be objective, impartial, fair. Any implied censorship of Britain is usually accompanied by a corresponding censorship of the United States. In the last part, where he deals with the place of the United States and Britain in a world order, he permits himself a few sweeping judgments on such controversial matters as Mr. Clarence Streit's proposals for federal union, which incidentally he decisively condemns as "not even a first step towards the transcending of the sovereign nation state in a genuine international order. *It is the wrong kind of step.* We should not prepare to take it." The italics are Professor Brinton's.

He discusses the problem mainly in relation to the creation of a world order, and very rightly stresses the psychological factors. He is no doctrinaire Marxist insisting that war is just an aspect of the class struggle, rooted in economic imperialism, a capitalist plot of bankers, bondholders, and armament makers. Although he devotes a considerable section of the book to the economic problems involved, he recognizes that even in economics the psychological factor plays a large part. He does well to stress this. We know that economic nationalism, which includes protectionism, is the outcome not necessarily of economic interest, but of the way in which the temper of nationalism leads men grouped into nations to interpret that interest. It is not the facts but men's opinions of them, their interpretations of them, interpretations which, in international relations, are likely to be enormously swayed by nationalist pugnacities, animosities, xenophobias, the tendency to regard the nation as an economic unit or a person, which determine policy. The innumerable crisscross of tariff barriers by which Europe has been divided in the past has helped greatly to impoverish that continent and to place it at an immense economic disadvantage as compared with, say the United States, the greatest free trade area in the world. Yet the peoples of Europe who created these barriers did not set out to make themselves poor. They thought they were pursuing their economic interest, when unconsciously that interest was being thrust aside in order to indulge emotions whose final outcome they did not face.

Recognizing as he does the great weight of the psychological factor in international relationship, Professor Brinton would be the first to admit that it is often an imponderable and elusive factor, incapable generally of any precise statistical or other measurement. It is not unnatural, therefore, that he makes a few guesses about British attitudes with which many Britishers would disagree, as when he insists that any form of union with the United States of the kind proposed by Mr. Clarence Streit would be rejected out of hand by Parliament. Do recent events support this view? Winston Churchill (who certainly knows his Parliament) in 1940, just before the French collapse, proposed a solemn act of union with the French Republic, so that the two nations, of different language, law, character, and tradition, often deadly enemies in the past, should become one state, with a common citizenship. Had France accepted, it is extremely unlikely that Parliament would have repudiated Churchill's offer. One cannot say with any positiveness, therefore, that Parliament would reject union of some kind with the United States, a step which Churchill has so repeatedly hinted he desires in some form or other. It is true that Churchill made his proposal to France at a moment of mortal crisis, when union seemed the only alternative to a French collapse which might involve the defeat of Britain. But Britain faces a mortal crisis now, in an economic position of terrific and unprecedented difficulty; a military vulnerability to atomic weapons which the robot bomb phase of the blitz brought home so tragically to the British public, all adding up to an acute consciousness that Britain can no longer make herself secure by her own power. Of course no nation in the world today can possibly defend itself by its own power; not even the United States, or she would not twice in a single generation have entered a war in Europe at a moment when defeat of Britain seemed imminent. Confronted starkly with that possibility, its effect on American security was recognized, even in 1917. But the defensive interdependence between this country and Britain which was so clear in the military crisis became less clear in peace time, which brought

(*Continued on page* 42)



—Zec in the *London Daily Mirror*

"You don't know it yet, chum — but that's your own foot!"

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas:

BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	Lee's Lieutenants (Douglas S. Freeman)	General Marshall's Report, The Winning of the War in Europe and the Pacific	Hercules, My Shipmate (Robert Graves)	History of the Peloponnesian War (Thucydides)
LEONARD BACON	Admiral of the Ocean Sea (S. E. Morison)	A Century of Hero-Worship (Eric Bentley)	Atomic Energy (H. D. Smyth)	The Burning Glass (Walter de la Mare)	The Practical Cogitator (Selected by Charles P. Curtis and Ferris Greenslet)
JACQUES BARZUN	The Trollopes (L. & R. Stebbins)	The Crack-Up (F. Scott Fitzgerald)	The Question of Henry James (F. W. Dupee)	Perplexities and Paradoxes (Miguel Unamuno)	Rousseau Kant, Goethe (Ernst Cassirer)
CPL. MAURICE BASSECHES	Up Front (Bill Mauldin)	Dilemma in Japan (Andrew Roth)	A Treasury of Satire (Edgar Johnson)	Black Boy (Richard Wright)	The Crack-Up (F. Scott Fitzgerald)
ROSEMARY CARR BENET	Other Men's Flowers (A. P. Wavell)	Up Front (Bill Mauldin)	The Thurber Carnival (James Thurber)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)	Grimms' Fairy Tales (The Pantheon Edition)
WILLIAM ROSE BENET	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)	Teresa or Her Demon Lover (Austin K. Gray)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Tahl (Jeremy Ingalls)	Take It Easy Before Dinner (Ruth Holberg)
ERIC BENTLEY	Selected Poems (John Crowe Ransom)	Prater Violet (Christopher Isherwood)	The Burrow (Franz Kafka)	Fabian Socialism (G. D. H. Cole)	Les Mouches (Paul Sartre)
ROBERT BIERSTEDT	The History of Western Philosophy (Bertrand Russell)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Black Boy (Richard Wright)	An American Dilemma (Gunnan Myrdal)
JOHN MASON BROWN	The Age of Jackson (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.)	Poor Child (Anne Parrish)	Beach Red (Peter Bowman)	Repent in Haste (John P Marquand)	The Leaning Tower (Katherine Anne Porter)
STRUTHERS BURT	Larkrise To Candleford (Flora Thompson)	Teresa or Her Demon Lover (Austin K. Gray)	Five Rivers (Norman Nicholson)	Against These Three (Stuart Cloete)	Human Leadership In Industry (Sam A. Lewisohn)
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY	Stuart Little (E. B. White)	Practical Cogitator (Edited by Charles P. Curtis and Ferris Greenslet)	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	Short Stories of Henry James (Collected by Clifton Fadiman)	Three O'Clock Dinner (Josephine Pinckney)
MARY COLUM	Collected Poems (W. B. Yeats)	Charmes (Paul Valery)	A History of Western Philosophy (Bertrand Russell)	The Devil's Share (Denis De Rougemont)	Three O'Clock Dinner (Josephine Pinckney)
BENNETT CERF	The Thurber Carnival (James Thurber)	Masterpieces of Painting (Cairns E. Walker)	Tristan and Iseult (Jos. Bedier)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)	Beach Red (Peter Bowman)
RICHARD CORDELL	The Young Jefferson (Claude Bowers)	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	The Wayfarers (Dan Wickenden)	In Good King Charles's Golden Days (Bernard Shaw)	Tom Paine (W. E. Woodward)
MARY GOULD DAVIS	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)	Adventures and Escapes of Gustavus Vasa (Hendrik Willem Van Loon)	Reunion in Poland (Jean Karsavina)	Echo of a Cry (Mai-Mai Sze)	Take Three Tenses (Rumer Godden)
IRWIN EDMAN	Stuart Little (E. B. White)	What Cheer Anthology of American and British Verse (Gathered and Sifted by David McCord)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.)	The Unquiet Grave (Cyril Connolly)	An Essay on Rime (Karl Shapiro)
MORRIS ERNST	Wolf Child and Human Child (Arnold Gesell)	Wolf Children and Feral Man (Rev. J. A. L. Singh and Prof. Robert M. Zingg)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)	Fate and Freedom (Jerome Frank)	Stuart Little (E. B. White)
JOHN FARRAR	America (Stephen Vincent Benét)	An Essay on Rime (Karl Shapiro)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Three O'Clock Dinner (Josephine Pinckney)
JOHN GOETTE	Minor Heresies (John Espey)	Forever China (Robert Payne)	Korea and the Old Orders in Eastern Asia (M. Frederick Nelson)	Shinto: The Unconquered Enemy (Robert O. Ballou)	Challenge of Red China (Gunther Stein)
MANYA GORDON	For Thee the Best (Mark Aldanov)	Wartime Mission to Spain (Carlton J. H. Hayes)	Tolstoy and His Wife (Tikhon Polner)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	America: The Story of a Free People (Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager)
FREDERICK GRUIN	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)	Forever China (Robert Payne)	Democracy in America (Alexis de Tocqueville)	A History of Western Philosophy (Bertrand Russell)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)
EMILY HAHN	My Twenty-five Years in China (John B. Powell)	Collected Works (Jane Austen)	Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry (Louis Untermeyer)	Heloise and Abelard (George Moore)	China To Me (Emily Hahn)
WALTER HAVIGHURST	Dasha (E. M. Almedingen)	Angel in the Forest (Marguerite Young)	One Nation (Wallace Stegner)	Lake Erie (Harlan Hatcher)	Teacher in America (Jacques Barzun)
SARA HENDERSON HAY	Jassy (Norah Lofts)	Collected Poems (Emily Dickinson)	The Egg and I (Betty MacDonald)	Murder and Its Motives (F. Tennyson Jesse)	Fairy Tales (Hans Christian Andersen)
RAYMOND HOLDEN	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur H. Schlesinger, Jr.)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullamn)	Lincoln The President (J. G. Randall)	Ever New England (Samuel Chamberlain)
CHARLES JACKSON	The Short Stories of Henry James (Selected and Edited by Clifton Fadiman)	The Great Short Novels of Henry James (Edited by Philip Rahv)	Stories of Writers and Artists—Henry James (Essay by F. O. Matthiessen)	The Crack-Up (F. Scott Fitzgerald)	Murder for Profit (William Bolitho)
GERALD W. JOHNSON	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)	Three O'Clock Dinner (Josephine Pinckney)	Farmer Takes a Wife (John Gould)	Anything Can Happen (George Papishvily)
HANS KOHN	How New Will The Better World Be? (Carl L. Becker)	Public Opinion and the Last Peace (R. B. McCallum)	Woodrow Wilson and the People (G. C. F. Bell)	The Balance of Tomorrow (Robert Strausz-Hupe)	The Arab Island (Freya Stark)
HENRY B. KRANZ	The Perennial Philosophy (Aldous Huxley)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullmann)	Modern Man is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Atomic Energy in the Coming Era (David Dietz)	Prater Violet (Christopher Isherwood)

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The Selections of 56 Contributors and Editors

ALEXANDER LAING	Black Boy (Richard Wright)	Brideshead Revisited (Evelyn Waugh)	Birth is Farewell (Dilys Bennett Laing)	The Celestial Omnibus (E. M. Forster)	Last and First Men (Olaf Stapleton)
ALFRED McCLUNG LEE	Up Front (Bill Mauldin)	Citizen Tom Paine (Howard Fast)	Black Metropolis (St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton)	Freedom Is More Than a Word (Marshall Field)	Leaves of Grass (Walt Whitman)
J. C. LONG	Where the Blue Begins (Christopher Morley)	Casuals of the Sea (William McFee)	Alice in Wonderland (Lewis Carroll)	Three O'Clock Dinner (Josephine Pinckney)	Democracy in America (Alexis de Tocqueville)
AMY LOVEMAN	Other Men's Flowers (Gen. A. P. Wavell)	Days and Nights (Konstantine Simonov)	War Years with Jeb Stuart (Lt. Col. W. W. Blackford)	Names on the Land (George R. Stewart)	Modern Man is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)
WILLIAM S. LYNCH	An Essay on Rime (Karl Shapiro)	The Short Stories of Henry James (Edited and Selected by Clifton Fadiman)	Pipe Night (John O'Hara)	The Anatomy of Peace (Emery Reves)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)
GEORGE FORT MILTON	Solution in Asia (Owen Lattimore)	The Pattern of Soviet Power (Edgar Snow)	The Revolution in World Agriculture (Karl Brandt)	Lincoln, The President (James Garfield Randall)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.)
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY	The Unquiet Grave (Cyril Connolly)	Lovely Is the Lee (Robert Gibbings)	The Practical Cogitator (Edited by Charles P. Curtis and Ferris Greenslet)	What Cheer Anthology of American and British Verse (Gathered and Sifted by David McCord)	The Burning Glass (Walter de la Mare)
RICHARD NEUBERGER	Last Frontier (Howard Fast)	Chief Joseph (Chester A. Fee)	Opportunities in Alaska (George Sundborg)	Fighting Liberal (George W. Norris)	Heavenly Discourse (Charles Erskine Scott Wood)
ROBERT PICK	Maquisards, A Christmas Tale (Albert J. Guerard)	The Death of Vergil (Hermann Broch)	The Unquiet Grave (Cyril Connolly)	Faces In A Dusty Picture (Gerald Kersh)	The Small General (Robert Standish)
ELMER RICE	American Language, Supplement One (H. L. Mencken)	Great Short Novels of Henry James (Edited by Philip Rahv)	American Guerrilla in the Philippines (Ira Wolfert)	Double Crostics No. 17 (Elizabeth Kingsley)	The Glass Menagerie (Tennessee Williams)
R. ELLIS ROBERTS	The Anatomy of Melancholy (Robert Burton)	Erewhon (Samuel Butler)	The Spirit of Man (Robert Bridges)	The Burning Glass (Walter de la Mare)	The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith (Bruce Marshall)
NATHAN ROTHMAN	One Man's Meat (E. B. White)	The Portable Fitzgerald (F. Scott Fitzgerald)	The Lost Week-End (Charles Jackson)	The Condition of Man (Lewis Mumford)	The Loom of Language (Frederick Bodmer)
HARRISON SMITH	Prater Violet (Christopher Isherwood)	Trial Balance (William March)	The Life of the Heart (Frances Winwar)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)	The White Tower (James Ramsey Ullman)
LT.-COL. T. V. SMITH	Speeches (Oliver Wendell Holmes)	Fugitive Papers (Russell Gordon Smith)	Bolts of Melody (Emily Dickinson)	I Have Been a Pilgrim (Jamie Sexton Holme)	No Matter Where (Helen Hiett)
BERNARD SOBEL	Rickshaw Boy (Lau Shaw)	The Ballad and the Source (Rosamond Lehmann)	The Aesthetic Adventure (William Gaunt)	What Mazie Knew (Henry James)	The Practical Cogitator (Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet)
THEODORE SPENCER	Essays (Montaigne—translated by Trechmann)	The Practical Cogitator (Charles P. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet)	Poems (Sir Philip Sidney)	Autobiography (J. S. Mill)	He Done Her Wrong (Milt Gross)
ROBERT E. SPILLER	An Essay on Rime (Karl Shapiro)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Black Boy (Richard Wright)	The White Deer (James Thurber)
EDMUND STEVENS	The Brothers Karamazov (Fedor Dostoevski)	The Seven Pillars of Wisdom (T. E. Lawrence)	A Farewell to Arms (Ernest Hemingway)	Black Lamb and Gray Falcon (Rebecca West)	A Bell for Adano (John Hersey)
PHIL STONG	Journey in the Dark (Martin Flavin)	The Black Rose (Thomas B. Costain)	The American Commonwealth (James Bryce)	The Lost Week-End (Charles Jackson)	Jane Austen (G. B. Stern and Sheila Kaye-Smith)
THOMAS SUGRUE	The Basic Writings of Thomas Aquinas	Men Who Have Walked with God (Sheldon Cheney)	The Practical Cogitator (Selected by Charles P. Curtis, Jr. and Ferris Greenslet)	The White Deer (James Thurber)	Forever China (Robert Payne)
ORDWAY TEAD	The Human Situation (W. MacNeil Dixon)	TVA: Democracy on the March (David E. Lilienthal)	Living Religion and a Modern Faith (Wm. E. Hocking)	Children of Light and Children of Darkness (Reinhold Niebhur)	The Uses of Reason (Arthur E. Murphy)
HANS W. WEIGERT	The Basis of Soviet Strength (George B. Cressey)	Grimms' Fairy Tales	Homer's Odyssey	Up Front (Bill Mauldin)	Goode's School Atlas
F. C. WEISKOPF	Leaves of Grass (Walt Whitman—preface by B. Smith)	The American Language Supplement One (H. L. Mencken)	Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel (Howard Fast)	Seven Times the Leading Man (Egon Hostovsky)	Furcht und Elend (Bertold Brecht)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	Bolts of Melody (Emily Dickinson)	Ancestors' Brocades (Millicent Tood Bingham)	A Bell for Adano (John Hersey)	Admiral of the Ocean Sea (S. E. Morison)	The Big Rock Candy Mountain (Wallace Stegner)
ANN F. WOLFE	The Perennial Philosophy (Aldous Huxley)	Mexican Village (Josephina Niggli)	Ancestors' Brocades (Millicent Todd Bingham)	There Is Still Time (Carolyn Wilson Link)	The Thurber Carnival (James Thurber)
HENRY C. WOLFE	Pleasant Valley (Louis Bromfield)	The Big Three (David J. Dallin)	Personality and Successful Living (James A. Magner)	Modern Man Is Obsolete (Norman Cousins)	Born Thirty Years Too Soon (J. R. Williams)
S. J. WOOLF	Black Metropolis (St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton)	Cass Timberlane (Sinclair Lewis)	A Nation of Nations (Louis Adamic)	Repent in Haste (John P. Marquand)	A History of Western Philosophy (Bertrand Russell)

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Prescription for Far East Ills

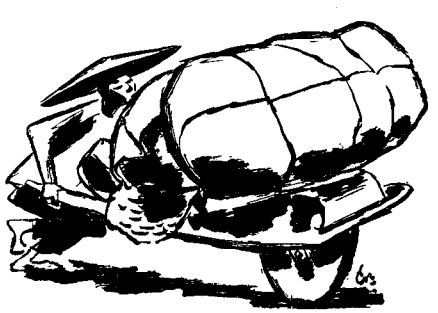
NEW FRONTIERS IN ASIA. By Philip Jaffe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1945. 364 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN GOETTE

THE OPINION of any reviewer of Philip Jaffe's provocative arraignment of Asia's political and economic ills will bear little weight with the reader. It is an ably conceived presentation of what the American leftist school seeks for Asia. Consequently, if you already agree with the author, you will sing the praises of "New Frontiers in Asia." If you disagree, you will be irritated into apoplectic denunciation.

Philip Jaffe holds two degrees from Columbia University. He is the head of a greeting card firm who nine years ago established the magazine *Amerasia* which has since enjoyed favor among those holding the leftist approach to Asiatic problems. His one visit to the Orient was in 1937 when he interviewed China's Communist leaders at the Red capital of Yenan. Along with five other defendants, Mr. Jaffe last summer was the center of a storm in the American press. He was indicted for conspiracy to remove government files. Some sections of our newspapers shouted a Communist plot. Others were equally vociferous about freedom of the press. In the end, Mr. Jaffe pleaded guilty and paid a fine of $2,500. Thus the author is a hardy fighter for his cause, and a devoted student of Far Eastern affairs, albeit one with an overwhelming bias on Chinese matters.

If you side with the policy of the United States in backing to the hilt the world-recognized government of



China under President Chiang Kai-shek, you will be revolted by Mr. Jaffe's endless tirades against everything that is Kuomingtang or Nationalist China, and the starry-eyed approval of all that is Red China. On the other hand, if you disapprove of the State Department, Ambassador Hurley, and our army for the handling of China today, then you will be solidly behind this book.

Mr. Jaffe takes off from the premise that America with its expanded production can no longer expect to subsist on its internal market. We must seek "new economic frontiers" and "these can be found in the economically retarded areas of the world whose consuming power has hitherto been severely restricted by poverty and industrial backwardness."

Consequently, Mr. Jaffe breaks his book into a survey of the Indian question, China and her dispute between the National Government and the Communists, the establishment of a trustworthy Japan, and the international front in Asia.

India is an important potential market for America if Britain will give her full independence, permit the removal of obstacles to industrialization, and, in the meantime, unfreeze four billion dollars of Indian assets in Britain so that eager Indians can purchase much-needed American goods. Supporting this, Mr. Jaffe runs the treadmill of India's struggle for freedom, adding little that is new to this complex picture. He quotes the March, 1943, letter of William Phillips to President Roosevelt, and concludes that his suggestion may yet prove to be effective "provided that it is expanded to include a general economic agreement between England and America that will make possible effective Anglo-American coöperation not only in India's economic development but also in all other dependent and semi-dependent areas of the world."

While even the rightists will find little quarrel with Mr. Jaffe over India, it is the section "China's Assets and Liabilities" which will render the non-leftists fighting mad. Under the guise of studying America's future economic stake in China, the author apportions to that phase but two out of 127 pages. The remainder are one continuous attack against President Chiang Kai-shek and his cohorts.

Like others of this articulate school, Mr. Jaffe grows tiresome on the theme of China's "feudal and oppressive" land system, although he offers few revelatory facts thereon. He denies that the Kuomingtang lives up to the tenents of Dr. Sun Yat-sen in a forward march toward true democracy despite President Chiang's promise to call a constitution-making assembly. He carefully selects his sources to charge political rottenness, armed suppression of people's freedom, and general backwardness to the National Government.

On the other hand, Mr. Jaffe ranges his arguments to praise at face value the accomplishments of Red China. He accepts statistics of the Reds without question, whereas he applies no such generous treatment to the Nationalists. It would seem that Mr. Jaffe labors under the fault of divorcing his reasoning and deductions from actual blood and flesh realities of every-day life in China. Primarily, he purposely ignores the basic truth that in Nationalists and Reds alike, the

evil and good together stem from them as the Chinese people who cannot arbitrarily be divided into demons and angels; especially by an American analyst far from the scene who so deliberately screens events and pronouncements.

Mr. Jaffe does perform a useful service in describing the "Little Parties," which more and more are coming to the fore as the League of Democratic Parties. They perhaps will be the needed bridge to bring Nationalists and Reds to a unified, workable state of democracy.

As to post-war Japan, Mr. Jaffe wisely insists that the role of the Allies in her internal structure is to give the democratic forces there a chance to express their wishes freely. He notes democratic elements in Japan and, given opportunity for normal economic progress, in markets at home and abroad, Mr. Jaffe believes that "the Japanese people could be trusted to follow peaceful and cooperative policies" whereby they could make "an important contribution to the industrial development of China and other economically backward areas."

In a chapter on the Soviet Union in the Far East, Mr. Jaffe denies the basis for fear of Soviet economic penetration or commercial rivalry in Eastern Asia. He does warn, however, that weak and unbalanced economies are war-breeders. For that reason, Russia will be interested in the political and economic systems to emerge in her Asiatic neighbors.

As a final prescription, Mr. Jaffe thinks that American security and welfare will come not only in machinery to prevent aggression, but "also in building the kind of world economic structure that will give to all peoples of the world a chance for peaceful progress."

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The Unbridled Industrial War

LABOR TODAY AND TOMORROW. By Aaron Levenstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 253 plus xiv pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALFRED MCCLUNG LEE

THAT the consequences of a war are unpredictable and that they far outweigh the stated reasons for which it was fought are not novel ideas. But the early post-war applications of such principles to specific and trying situations help us to return to healthy perspectives upon peacetime realities.

As Levenstein notes, "war brought us an uneasy domestic truce; peace now brings us unbridled industrial war," and this "unbridled industrial war" takes a previously unpredictable form because of the changes wrought by the recent international conflict. "War is no friend of the status quo," he points out:

> After Pearl Harbor, employers and unions checked their guns, but not their suspicions. Government controls submerged certain —not all—phases of the irresistible social conflict. They are still there. Enough steam has escaped already to show the kind of pressure that will be released when "normalcy" lifts the lid.

Using as his point of departure "two GI's and a millionaire," the removal of the person of Sewell Avery by force from the office he occupied as Montgomery Ward's president, Levenstein recounts the aspirations and struggles of union leaders and management representatives during the pre-war, war, and early post-war periods. With objectivity, comprehensiveness, and understanding humor, he traces the twists and turns taken by competing sects of the left and the right, the left-left and right-right fights within the framework of the major left-right struggle. He writes the recent history of the antics and manipulations of the Communists, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and the followers of John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, William Green, and others. And he shows the recent roles taken by organizations and individual industrialists in defining and modifying management's position.

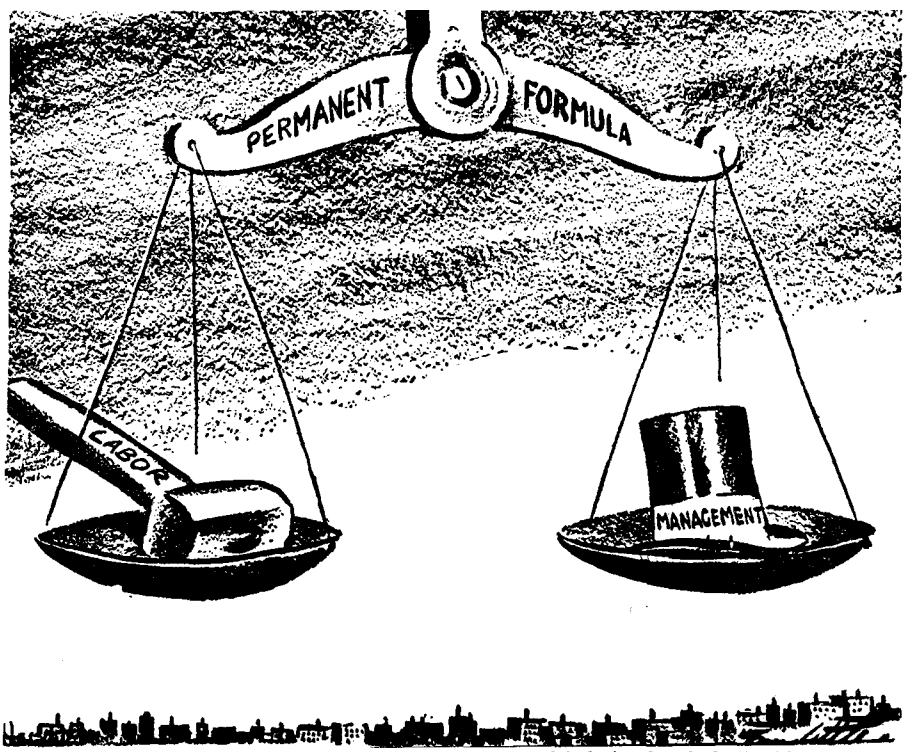
Levenstein reviews the resistance of both management and union leadership to wartime conversion, both fearful of losses of vested interests. "If industry lagged in conversion, clinging to its old habits, no one would charge it with sending unarmed men into battle. But if unions were guilty of business-as-usual, their critics were on the alert." It was because of this contrast in public attitudes that unionists were forced to adjust somewhat more promptly to wartime conditions than did the industrialists. "Actually, labor came forward with the no-strike pledge because the policy had already been forced on it by public opinion."

We are reminded of how the War Labor Board came to be regarded by labor as "a tough, sometimes impenetrable, barrier to pay increases." We also see again how annual corporate profits after taxes more than doubled in 1940-44, with the statement by OP Administrator Chester Bowles that OPA "pricing standards safeguard industry earnings by establishing what is, in effect, a floor for profits." And Levenstein gives factual evidence to demonstrate how "American unions are too self-interested to become a mere arm of Soviet foreign policy" and how "the Communists are not numerous enough to dominate the labor movement, though they may be strong enough to bedevil it."

In reporting and analyzing the factors involved in labor's "tomorrow," Levenstein shows similar divisions and subdivisions of interest, ideology, and aspiration. On the one hand, he outlines how soldiers and sailors have been somewhat alienated from organized labor by the very nature of service in the armed forces as well as by anti-union propaganda. On the other, he points to the concern of returning veterans with the whole problem of whether or not our increased industrial efficiency will be used in a manner productive of a higher standard of living for many or of a rising tide of unemployed and unemployable.

Levenstein, as one would expect from his judicious and factual approach to this highly controversial area, has no simple program to promote. He knows that needed adjustments are tied up with the question: "Are freedom and security compatible?" He calls for a reexamination of "the circle of human affairs" in order to "redefine the privileges and duties of the individual, of government, of management and labor." He believes that careful and honest study of the facts of the situation will permit us to follow the socially less damaging course of "conscious social organization" rather than the traditional, emotional, and always somewhat destructive course of "blind evolution." And warns that we must expect either road to be long and difficult.

Like all books that deal with current history in the making in a highly emotion-ridden struggle, Levenstein has written before historical grey beards can have a generation of graduate students mull the evidence over. Some of his facts as well as his conclusions are thus subject to revision. But such well-written and objective documents, efforts at first synthesis of historical materials, at writing an immediate prologue to the near future, have great value in aiding to formulate sound social policies.



—*Little in the* Nashville Tennessean

It Certainly Is Needed

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The Atomic Age

THE MEANING OF ATOMIC POWER

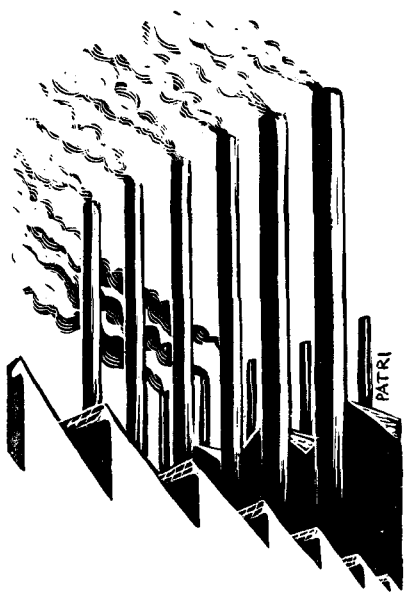
EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Russell R. Williams is connected with the Clinton Laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He is a member of the newly organized Federation of Atomic Scientists.

YOU have heard repeated statements that we are entering the atomic age, and that a new era of power and development lies before us. Yet the only public manifestation of this new era so far has been a demonstration of unprecedented destruction, in a world already hardened by more than five years of bitter war. Is this a taste of the atomic age? We certainly hope not. The war which accelerated the development of atomic power demanded its price of the new servant, but we believe that the new-found power can have just as violent an effect on a peaceful world when its energies are wholeheartedly devoted to such an end. It has been my privilege during the preceding eighteen months to be associated with the project charged with the development of atomic power, and drawing on my experiences and associations during this time, I will try to tell what I can about this new power, and how it may affect our lives.

First, let me try to explain why we are entering a new era. This statement implies that our new source of power constitutes not only a change in magnitude, but also a change in the kind of power source. Up to this point in man's endeavors, matter and energy have remained distinctly separated. We have used the energy stored in coal, rain-water, etc., which originally came from the sun. We have neither created nor destroyed energy, but only changed its form. The same may be said for the matter which we commonly find associated with our energy sources. Again we have neither created nor destroyed matter, but only changed its forms.

Atomic power represents a complete break with these concepts of the past. We have found that matter and energy can be changed one into the other. More specifically, we have succeeded in converting, at our desire, a part of the mass of a piece of uranium or plutonium into energy which manifests itself as the heat, light, and pressure accompanying the explosion of the atomic bomb. This concept, conversion of matter into energy, signifies the difference in kind of our new power. The difference in magnitude comes about through the quantitative nature of the transformation process. It is simply a matter of fact that if one kilogram (2.2 pounds) of matter were completely destroyed we would create 25 billion kilowatt hours of energy. This is equal to the energy that would be generated by the total electric power industry in the United States running for approximately two months. Contrast this fantastic figure with the 8.5 kilowatt hours of stored heat energy released when an equal amount of coal is burned.

The fundamental principle of atomic power—the equivalence of mass and energy—was first stated by Einstein in 1905, but it was not until the 1930's that experimental evidence for the interconversion was obtained. Practical use of this source of energy seemed out of the question until the discovery of uranium fission by Hahn and Strassmann in 1939. They and others found that atoms of uranium could be split by small, slow-moving particles known as neutrons, giving two atoms roughly half as large as the original uranium atom. There were two important corollaries to this discovery: first, the sum of the masses of the fission fragments did not quite equal the mass of the uranium atom—it was less by about one-tenth of one per cent. Corresponding to this destruction of matter, there was created a large amount of energy. For fission of one kilogram of uranium (0.1 per cent of the mass being destroyed), energy equivalent to the explosion of 20,000 tons of TNT is released. The second corollary is the discovery that in each fission act, one to three neutrons are released. This means that further fissions can be caused by these neutrons, and so on in an ever-branching repetition. It may also be added that the fission fragments are highly radioactive, giving off particles and rays similar to those of radium, which will ionize air, darken photographic plates, and in high concentrations damage living organisms.



These discoveries touched off a burst of scientific activity in the field, and much more was soon known about the process. It was soon found that only a small proportion (0.7 per cent) of the atoms of uranium could be split by the slow neutrons. Uranium is made up of several "isotopes" which have identical chemical properties, but slightly different weights—234, 235, and 238 on a relative basis. Natural uranium consists principally of U-238, but the isotope of weight 235, present to the extent of 0.7 per cent in natural uranium, is the one which can be split by slow neutrons. Other substances were found to be susceptible to fission, among them plutonium, a new element which can be made by the action of neutrons on uranium 238. Many other facts about the new process were learned, but wartime secrecy blanketed all but the earliest findings.

The scientists and government of this country and England soon came to realize that a source of energy such as I have described possessed tremendous potentialities. Enough was known that it seemed wise to explore the possibilities for producing for use in this war a device which could release the tremendous energy of fission. No one could say for sure that the idea was practical, but the magnitude of the goal made it worth trying for. In addition, we had every reason to believe that our enemies also realized the possibilities of such a weapon, and we could not afford to gamble against their success. From a few laboratories and a few men in 1940-41, the project has grown to the size we see now, and some two billion dollars have been spent. That it was money well spent goes without saying. The project paid for itself in cash alone if it shortened the war by as much as a few weeks. The saving in terms of lives and time cannot be calculated.

The amount of money mentioned above gives me an excuse to discuss some aspects of the project. The work developed along three major lines: production of U-235, production of plutonium, and utilization of these products in an atomic bomb.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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An explanation

➡ This short novel of a Pacific island invasion reveals an impressive talent. It is the military history of a single hour in a soldier's life. Since the passing of time forms a background for events, each ten-word line indicates a second and each 60-line chapter represents a minute. This prose pattern, however, does not mean that the actions described necessarily correspond to the time that would be required to perform them, but serves merely to highlight the rigid clockwork by which the phases of a beachhead operation are governed.

Beach Red is not a war story in the strict sense of the term, since it deals by inference with ageless adversaries and problems, and not merely with those of the particular conflict in which the characters are engaged. Aside from the battle scenes, which are notable for their intensity and vividness, the author takes the reader into the mind of his protagonist and shows us what his generation is thinking about the war and its relation to the world afterwards.

This is a selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club for December, 1945.

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CHRISTMAS TREE EDITORIAL, WITH TRIMMINGS

AND so once more on this Christmas tide of 1945, we recite the ancient creed, "On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men."

All over the Western world at this time of year, and from our strongholds across the Pacific, and throughout the breadth of devastated Fascist Germany and Italy, Christmas Eve has through these deadly years brought forth the pale gleam of the tallow candle, masked for five years behind the blackout curtain, and now shining forth cheerily into alleys and streets and ruined public squares. Even more than the electric light that illuminates at last the devastated and long-darkened streets, this pale yellow gleam from innumerable hovels and cellars, where half-buried people conceal their starving kin, the flickering Christmas candle reveals the passionate hope that still lies in the heart of humanity.

"We have killed enough people," can not we say? "In the name of Christ, give them food and rest from fear." That, too, is part of the Christmas pledge, "On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men." Having slain from the air in righteous anger more men, women, and children living in the hearts of cities and in factory districts where the slaves of war machines slept massed together than any other conqueror has slain before, we can at least bid those who are left to have a happy Christmas 1945.

Americans can say to them, the Dutch, the Belgians, the Poles, the Austrians, the Germans, the Italians: "Look, we have helped to bring you peace even if it has been bought with the sword. Light your candles, surround them with pine branches and holly, and if you will believe in us, we will send you enough coal and wheat and money to see that nine-tenths of you are still alive when the leaves come forth in Spring, when you may hope that four months later your crops will sustain a measure of life in the people who remain."

In a million suburban and city homes in the United States, the emblem of the illuminated evergreen and the electric candle in the window will give witness to our faith and hope for the future. In ten thousand towns and villages the tall Christmas tree standing in the center of the ancient green will be covered with multi-colored lights. Except in the homes of the poor, or the rich who wish to be picturesque, with fire extinguishers handy, or in the homes of sharecroppers and inhabitants of cold-water tenements all over the land, our prayers will be finally added up to the profit of the local electric light companies. But electric light or stearine candle will send forth the same message of cheer through the night.

This will be our first Christmas of peace for four long bloody years, and around the corner is a new year. In this one moment of time, Christmas 1945, when our minds are benignant, our hearts grateful, the fate of the world might be decided. In this moment of unbelievable generosity, when all suffering or starving or fearful people might seem related to us, and to each other, of whatever color or creed or previous enemy servitude, we might in one magnificent gesture determine to forget our doubts of other races and give them all our aid.

How many tons of rice to feed the people of Malaya, or Java's rebellious forty-five millions, or, when you come to think of it, the sixty-five million Japanese who have yet to absorb the millions of soldiers and residents from abroad? How many Liberty and Victory ships have we to give, now rusting in quiet harbors? Let us, as our gift to the world that we have conquered, to the rest of the world to whom we appear to be saviors or capitalist exploiters, send food out of our abundance and out of our very mouths.

The answer is obvious: Even from America there is not enough food to keep the world from starving. But at least let us give what we can spare. Make America live on no more than three times the diet which we have decreed as the minimum to sustain for conquered or salvaged countries. Let us determine to give the difference to the world as our free gift this coming Christmas Day. How many babies will we save who are now starving? Millions, perhaps. How many new lives will it bring into being? If we accept this unlikely sacrifice, our festal trees and the lights in our windows will burn the brighter on this and other Christmas Eves.

H. S.

Return

By Marion McL. Lineaweaver

MY mind relinquishes your face
To rapid weeks; they undermine
The level of your mouth, erase
Your jaw-bone, line by granite line.
The shape of memory is cold
As contour of the sculptured sand;
I grasp, but find I may not hold
The image of your crumbling hand.

ELLEN GLASGOW

AS THIS ISSUE of *The Saturday Review* goes to press the death is reported of Ellen Glasgow. In her passing America loses one of its major writers, a novelist whose reputation had grown with the years and whose contribution to literature was likewise a contribution to the understanding of the manners and mores of the country. This publication's evaluation of that contribution was reflected by its bestowal upon her in 1940 of *The Saturday Review* Award "for distinguished service to American literature." A Virginian of the Virginians, Miss Glasgow escaped from the traditional attitude of the Southerner toward her section, and first to its disapproval and later to its admiration depicted the South with clear-eyed realism. Her wit, her understanding, her comprehension of the ingrained prejudices and predilections of the older generation, and her sympathy for the rebellion of the younger, gave to her work an interest that carried to the literary and unliterary alike. The most polished and scrupulous of writers, who worked with no thought of a wide popularity, she ended by having had the broad distribution of a book club and motion-picture presentation. None of the writers of the present wrote with a more beautiful precision than Miss Glasgow; with her, writing was an art that demanded the sort of loving devotion that spent labor on every word and phrase as well as on the whole conception. The qualities of mind and heart which made her the most delightful of companions to those who knew her were reflected through the medium of a style whose clarity, sprightliness, and balance should win her a lasting place in our literature.

A. L.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Veteran Speaks

SIR: How the Germans today, and ninety percent were members of the Nazi party, must be laughing at our progressive friction with Russia!

During the war the soldiers got along wonderfully with the Reds, being periodically reassured by General Ike that military harmony existed between us. Thousands of our airmen flew planes many months in Russia and said they were always shown utmost consideration and friendliness while in Russia. In the joint occupation zones Ivan has had no trouble knowing and liking the GI, and vice-versa. In wartime we coördinated plans and jointly executed operations which produced victory in Europe. Then why for the salvation of the world can't we use a little of the same know-how for peace?

Two months I have been back in the states after thirty months in Europe and I am appalled and ashamed at the conduct of the American press and radio commentators toward Russia. But worse still, I am dumbfounded at the far too general attitude of the man in the street who has about come to believe—as the Nazis always told us GI's in Germany—that the Russians were our real enemies.

I recall very well how one of the highest ranking officials of NAM—months before the Nazis had been defeated, mind you—stood before the great war memorial in Verdun which contains the glass-encased bleached bones of 40,000 who fell in the first war, and said, "We must prepare now for war against the Russians."

I was struck to hear such a statement at the time, but now after being back in America, I realize it is not only the merchants of death who harbor and promulgate such subtle bits of propaganda: sadly enough it is a large volume of the American people.

The press is emphasizing stories out of proportion to their real significance which tend to promote friction, forgetting entirely all the news items which could be written about the coöperation and mutual planning which is still going on between our two giant countries. But when things go right, a hundred such are left unsung and a few touchy statements blare forth the sensational, and headlines far too black accentuate this negative reporting. Not all the press belongs in such a category. Thank God there are still some wise editorial writers who foresee the potential trouble such an attitude is apt to create.

It appears to me this country is not trying to get along with Russia. Next to nothing is being done to further good will and strengthen ties between the two countries. All you can hear is suspicion and talk of the future war with Russia.

I've hardly heard mention of the United Nations Organization since I got home. Roosevelt planted the seed for world peace and fathered an instrument to create and maintain the operation, but the State Department and President Truman have apparently forgotten that the UNO seed needs watering before it can germinate, and the American people are too busy in the self-indulgence of war prosperity to realize the seed has even been planted, much less to remember it must be cultivated.

For one moment I cannot forget my buddies, more than 200,000 strong, who lie today beneath crosses and Stars of David across France, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and England. They fought and they died humbly for a better world, they thought. They trusted America to see that a world of peace was their only lasting monument.

But if America today is a criterion —and I have just talked with people in more than two dozen States—then I am charging the American people with this accusation: Not only have you let those hundreds of thousands of GI's die in vain; you have forgotten they died at all.

The debt of their lives lies individually and collectively upon your hands, Americans: Wake up before there is no America, and do something for the peace effort.

RALPH C. HAMMOND.

Valley Head, Alabama

"Hey, can't you read?"

Protest

SIR: I urge you to make *The Saturday Review of Literature* a review of literature in fact. The present and future state of our civilization requires a clarification of values. When a publication devoted to literature abandons its responsibility and turns over its editorial pages to discussions of political means and scientific aims, our future is dark indeed. The avenues for the expression of a whole or human view of life are few enough; the voice of the man of letters is feeble enough in comparison to the chorus of other voices now being heard. Is our culture to be turned over to technicians even by its representatives?

The editorial by A. H. Compton [*SRL*, October 27] has aroused this protest. However eminent Mr. Compton's position as a scientist may be, I submit that his discussion here of our future is contradictory and confused. He urges training for a competitive race between nations and social systems, and at the same time pleads for a coöperative society. We are to reach the society of the future by the operation of the law of "the survival of the fittest," *and* by advancing along the lines of coöperativeness.

For America to hold its own in the race, we are told, the possible contribution of each citizen to the nation's power must be recognized; therefore he must be trained technically and as a political leader. What hope is there that the education advocated can produce *minds capable* of discerning values?

There are two vague and incidental references to values in Mr. Compton's remarks. The race, we are assured, is "sure to make life of greater value throughout the world"; and, "the civilization of the atomic age promises to be the richest that history has known, not only with regard to material bounty but also through the cultivation and appreciation of the truest human values."

Questions of how, and of what kind of value, arise. Who should be most

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concerned with the answers? Who are qualified to give the answers? Technicians? Journalists? Political leaders? Or artists, saints, and philosophers?

I urge you to rededicate the magazine to a discussion of literature, and, therefore, to a discussion of values.

ISABEL TAYLOR.

Islip, New York.

The Horizontal Market

SIR: "My bed," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "is like a little boat." Well, maybe his was. But mine resembles a freighter; it's loaded to the golden-oak gunnels with books of all sizes, and I can't get in or out without clambering over the cargo.

There was a time when the table beside my bed supported nothing but a lamp, an ash-tray (whatever became of that ash-tray?) and a slim volume of essays by Dr. Henry Van Dyke. This didn't mean that I was a Van Dyke fan; it was just a book that happened to drift onto the bedside table in the ebb and flow of the tidy tides of housecleaning. It got beached there, and there it stayed. I used to open it at random and read a few paragraphs before going to sleep—and after. The nice things about essays, as opposed to detective stories, is that you never have to worry about how they turn out.

But all this was before book publishers had discovered the horizontal market. Their summer lists featured "hammock fiction," of course; but you can't be really horizontal in a hammock without getting a crick in the neck. They must have known that reading in bed was a common vice. (There were those pictures of Mark Twain, for instance.) Yet for a long time they didn't do anything to encourage it.

About three years ago, however, someone put out a frivolous anthology entitled "The Bedside Companion." It wasn't as sleep-inducing as Van Dyke's essays. In fact, it made me want to get up and go places, but being one of those conscientious souls who always follow the directions on the bottle, I kept it beside my bed and read it dutifully.

The following Christmas I received "The Bedside Game Book" and "The Bedside Puzzler." These were apparently designed for little shut-ins, and were given to me in the belief—or hope—that I might fall down and break a leg, or catch typhoid fever or *something*. I never felt better in my life.

From that time on, the bedside books came thick if not fast. There was "The Bedside Book of Light Verse" (a bit heavy on the chest), "The Bedside Mystery Book" (which failed to solve the biggest bedside mystery: what became of that ash-tray), "The Bedside Book of American Stories," "The Bedside Book of English Stories," "The Bedside Book of Bedouin Stories," "The Bedside Arabian Nights," "The Bedside Dog Book" (it's getting stuffy in here), "The Bedside Bird Book" (shall I open a window?), "The Bedside Shakespeare," "The Bedside Trollope"—and for all I know, Scott Fitzgerald's "Bedside of Paradise," and John Gunther's "Bedside Europe."

The worst of it is, these books are not soporifics. They are artfully edited to hold the sleepy reader's attention and lead him on, page by page, into the wee-wee hours of the morning. As a result, I am nervous and irritable, with overnight bags under my eyes, and a breakfast-table tremor that would scramble a hard-boiled egg.

Are we a nation of invalids, that we must take our literature lying down, and let the classics crawl between our coverlets? Bed riddance, I say, to all these books! I want to get some sleep.

WEARE HOLBROOK.

Hartsdale, N.Y.

Sadleir Material Requested

SIR: My father's long life was so crowded with diverse activities and interests, and the papers—both private and professional—which he left behind are so numerous and varied, that it seemed impracticable to do full justice to his career and achievements within the limits of a single biography.

It is proposed, therefore, to prepare an "Educational Biography" as well as a more general one; and I am privileged to announce that Miss Lynda Grier, shortly retiring from the Principalship of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, has consented in due course to undertake this difficult and specialized task. The second biography—the personal memoir—I shall myself attempt, aiming at a book based primarily on my father's letters, diaries, and informal memoranda.

May I appeal through your columns to owners of letters or other manuscript documents written by him, for the loan of the originals or of copies? I should be grateful if material of educational as well as of non-educational significance be sent to me at the address below, for transcription (where necessary) and return, and for allocation to the "Educational Biographer" or to myself, as the case may be.

MICHAEL SADLEIR.

10, Orange Street,
London, W.C.2.

School Days Until Sixty

SIR: Your magazine [November 10] with the article "Compulsory Education—6 to 60," by Foster Kennedy . . .

Now there is an idea our educators and public men and legislators can get their teeth into. However true and frightening and thrilling "Modern Man Is Obsolete" was and is, you're no further along the road to doing anything about it at the end of it than at the beginning. We've got to change—fine, but how? This article by Foster Kennedy is the first concrete and therefore exciting and heartening idea I've seen put forward.

Compulsory education — it's the right, the only way to bring about the necessary change in our attitudes. The ignorance and boredom and mental slothfulness of the vast majority of the people would be turned to account, and without this stimulus it will never hoist itself by its own petard. Don't let this idea die. It's the way, the real way.

Carter, Miss. HELEN DICK DAVIS.

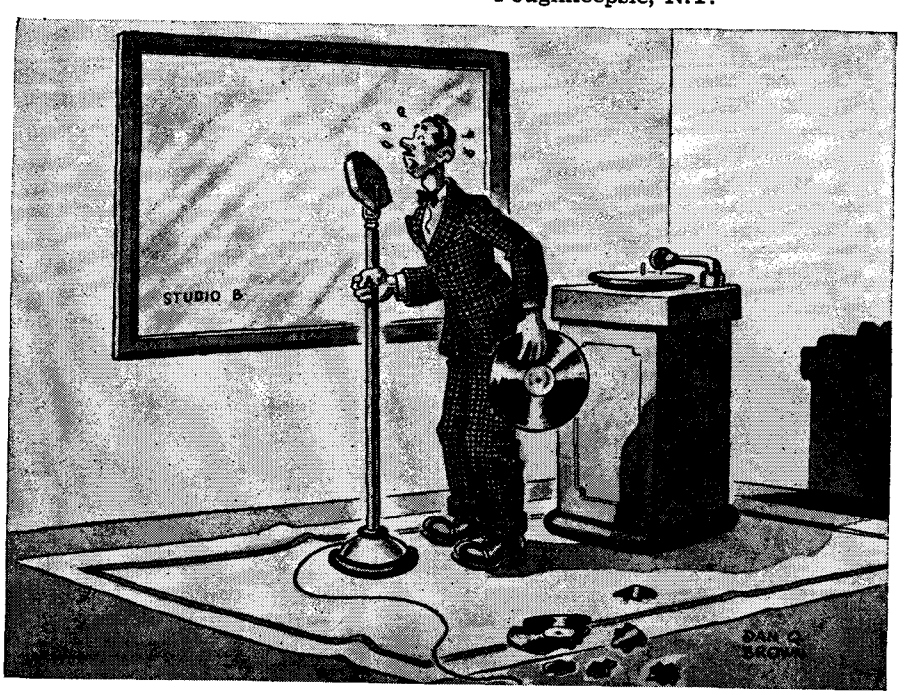
Tolstoy Told Off

SIR: In later life the novelist Tolstoy took the teachings of the New Testament so literally that he always dressed in humble peasant garb. One day he saw a Moscow officer taking a drunken man to the police station. The fellow was being very roughly handled. Stirred to pity, Tolstoy asked the policeman: "Can you read?" "I can," said the officer. "Have you ever read the Gospels?" "I have," was the answer. "Then you ought to know it is wrong to hurt your fellow-man."

For answer, the policeman surveyed his shabby challenger from head to toe. "Can you read?" he asked Tolstoy. "I can." "Have you ever read the instructions for the Moscow police?" "I have not," was Tolstoy's reply. "Well, you had better do it before you go telling an officer what to do!"

JAMES ALDREDGE.

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.



"Well, folks, it seems that Benny Goodman has just changed his mind and will not play for us at this time after all."

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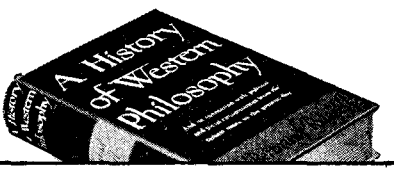

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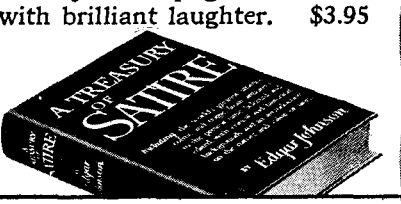

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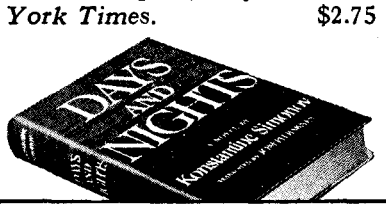

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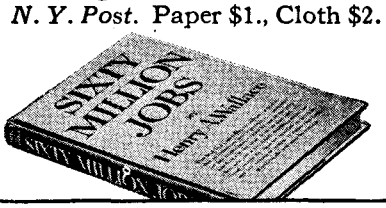

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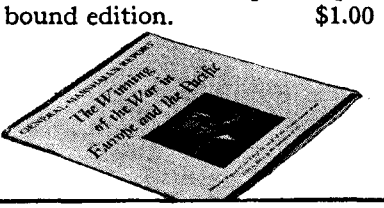

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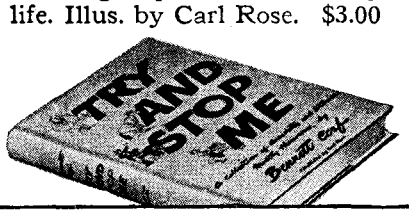

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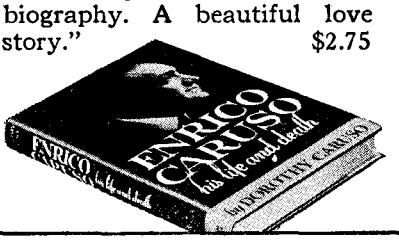

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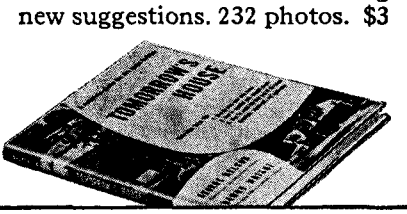

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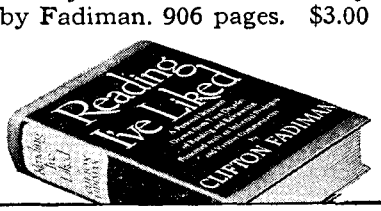

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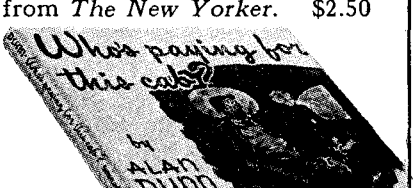

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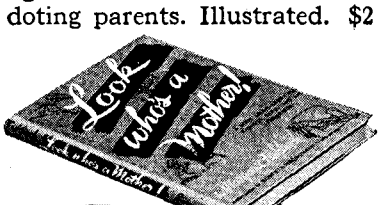

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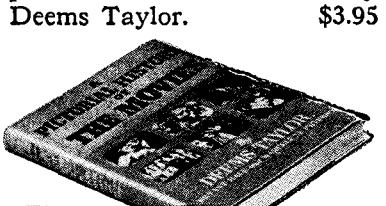

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TRADE Winds

A FEW WEEKS AGO I received a contribution to Trade Winds with a postscript that intrigued me. It read, "What on earth is Joe Hergesheimer up to?" What indeed, I thought to myself. It did not seem so long ago that he was turning out one best-seller after another—"The Three Black Pennys," "Java Head," "Cytherea," "Balisand"—and yet I had seen no word about either him or his work for at least a year. A questionnaire addressed to his home in Stone Harbor, New Jersey, elicited the following reply:

> Thank you for an engaging inquiry. The truth is that perhaps fifteen years ago I had not only tired of writing what I wrote but plainly saw that repetition wouldn't improve it. So I stopped and began really to read—as one reads when he's composing. Assisted by a decreasing ability to sleep, I got through a dizzy number of pages, mostly anthropology, medieval and religious history, and science with little if any mathematical skill. No philosophy! Esthetics only to sneeze at! Now on a pre-Cambrian beach, no damn vernal nonsense, I'm concerned with a book about those fifteen years. A form, I suppose, of autobiography, but largely saved, it's to be hoped, from the poisonous innocence common to such works by an exclusion of all names whatever and smallest possible reference to authorities.

On the heels of this letter came Joe himself, arm in arm with Frank Case in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel. He looked just as spry as he had in Havana years ago when he engaged in a furious rivalry with me for the affections of a sultry Keystone bathing beauty. The fact that she had a jealous and omnipresent husband was only one of the reasons why neither of us got to first base. In those days, however, Hergesheimer dressed himself in such riotous colors that he made his publisher, Mr. Knopf, look like a Presbyterian elder. Now, I commented, he was wearing a conservative double-breaster. "Do not be deceived," he assured me. "This suit is but a concession to the money-changers of the metropolis. You should get a load of me in Stone Harbor!" . . .

THE SOCIETY FOR Russian Relief is trying to collect a million American books to help refill the depleted and pillaged libraries of the Soviet. More Russians are studying English today than all other foreign languages combined. A million American books, wisely chosen, can do much to give the Russian people a clear and concise picture of our way of life, and promote the mutual understanding and good will that are so essential to the future of mankind. In New York, send your contribution to 35 West 35th Street. Local committees can be contacted in other cities throughout the country. . . . Jim Henaghan claims that there is a love-starved girl in the Macmillan bookkeeping department who calls herself Hardly Ever Amber. . . . Robinson Jeffers's free adaptation of the "Medea" of Euripides will be produced by the Theatre Guild, with Judith Anderson in the title role, and published by Random House. Other new plays on the Random agenda are John Van Druten's "The Mermaids Singing" and the Crouse-Lindsay smash, "State of the Union." Scribner's will publish "Deep Are the Roots" and Bob Sherwood's "The Rugged Path." . . . James Street, author of "The Gauntlet," and Betty Smith, who made that Brooklyn tree, staged a joint appearance in Chapel Hill. Their billing: "Street and Smith." . . . Little, Brown have reprinted "No Surrender," "Rogue Male," "Above Suspicion," and "Escape" in a uniform new series labeled "European Espionage Novels." . . . Hanson Baldwin is writing a history of the war for Harper's. . . . The salty, homespun sayings of John Roper, Cleveland's incorruptible philosopher, have been gathered into book form by World. When Charles Lee saw the World plant, incidentally, he murmured "All this and Zevin too!"

PUNDITS TELL US that Allah refrained from deducting from the allotted time of man those hours spent in fishing. If Allah was in his right mind, however, he'd deduct thirty years from the perpetrator of the following mess of piscatorial puns:

The prettiest she-fish in the whole aquarium was Bess Porgy. Young John Haddock's gills fluttered with suppressed poisson every time she, and her chubby friend, Mazie Angelfish, slithered down the pike. To kipper in comfort was his consuming obsession.

Trouble loomed, however, when the two girls worked out a sister act and opened at the Globe under the management of Salmon & Schuster. An interested member of the audience was Rufus Goldfish who sat in the second roe (he was slightly hard of herring) and viewed the performance with a sardinic smile. "Confidentially," he told a grouper friends later, "the girls' act smelt, but they're pretty cute tricks. I found the one who was barricuda."

John Haddock's sole shriveled at these words. "Only an act of cod will keep my Bess out of his clutches," he muttered shadly. Mazie Angelfish tried to rally him. "Don't be blue," she counseled. "You are no common weakfish. You are a Haddock. Remember Dorothy Vernon of Haddock Hall. Get in there and put that bass, sailfish old flounder trout!"

John squared what passes for shoulders in a fish. "Thanks, Mazie," he spluttered. "By gum and bivalve, I'll get out of this pickerel yet. If that shrimp expects to mackerel have me to reckon with!"

"I'd like to see the doctor if he isn't writing a book."

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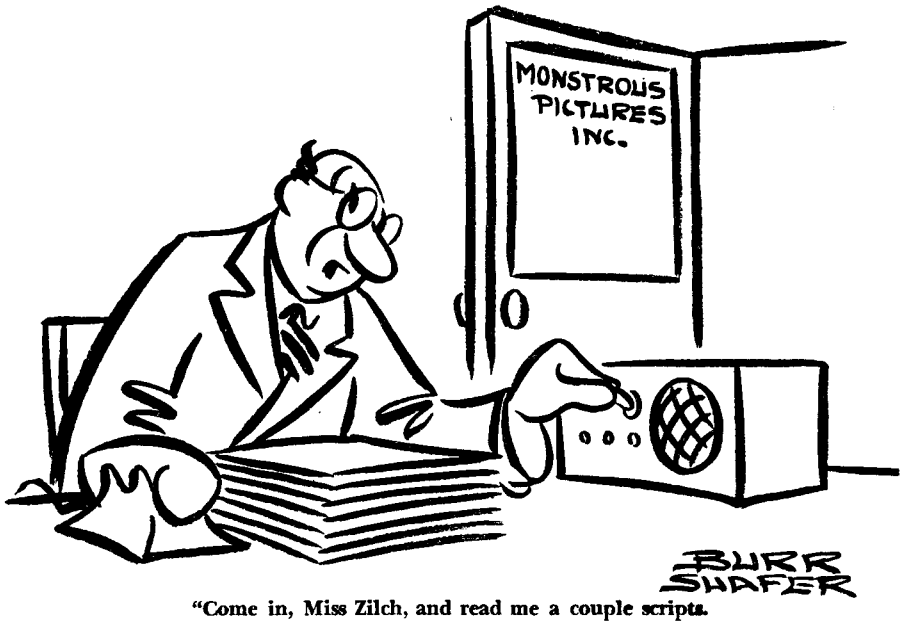

"Come in, Miss Zilch, and read me a couple scripts.

Suiting the action to the words, he knocked his rival off his perch so effishently that poor Mr. Goldfish whaled for the carps—and a sturgeon to get the bones out of his mouth.

"I did it on porpoise," cried the exultant John Haddock, clasping Bess, who looked prettier than Marlin Dietrich, to his slippery chest.

It was all such a shark to Mr. Goldfish that he's been eel to this very day.

The Haddocks had a tarpon time of it ever after.

FINNY

ROOTS—Ring Lardner wrote his fabulously funny diary of Jack Keefe, the bush league ball player, in 1916. He called it "You Know Me Al." So many readers asked him to name the man on whom his caricature was based that Lardner added this footnote to subsequent editions: "The original of Jack Keefe is not a ball player at all, but Jane Addams of Hull House, a former Follies girl." . . . Franklin P. Adams dedicated his first book of poetry to "My loving wife, but for whose constant interruptions, this volume would have been completed six months sooner." . . . In 1906 Theodore Dreiser was appointed managing editor of *The Delineator*, celebrated his first day at the post by gravely rejecting two of his own stories. . . . In 1933, there was one brief interlude when every bookstore in the country was open and every bank was closed. "Frankly," confided M. Lincoln Schuster, "this was one day I never thought I'd live to see." . . .

DISHEARTENING headlines of November 22: Ellen Glasgow dies in Richmond; Robert Benchley dies in New York; Ernest Hemingway sues Martha Gellhorn for divorce in Havana. . . .

IN A WRECKED Italian cathedral, bewildered American officers discovered an old wooden sword carefully preserved in a glass case near the altar. This is how it got there.

A pompous viceroy of the province back in the eighteenth century decreed one day that no one of his courtiers was to appear in public without his sword; death was the penalty for disregard of the order. A few mornings later he personally caught sight of one of his officers without his sword. He dismounted hurriedly, collared the mortified offender, and ordered him hung from the nearest post. The noble was an eloquent fellow, and on bended knee beseeched, "If you must kill me, let it at least be a death consonant with my rank. Have the next courtier that comes this way run me through with his sword." "So be it," said the viceroy.

They waited quite a while for a courtier. The one who finally hove into view had just lost most of his worldly possessions, including the blade of his sword, in a gambling den. Mindful of the law, he had taken the precaution of fitting a wooden stick to the hilt and scabbard.

Abruptly ordered by his viceroy to stab one of his companions to death, this hapless knight tried first to beg off on the grounds of court etiquette, and when that got him nowhere at all, he turned his gaze heavenward, solemnly prayed "Mercy! Mercy! To spare this man and me, turn my sword to wood!"

He drew his sword and brandished it. "A miracle! A miracle!" cried everyone. The viceroy carried the wooden sword himself to the cathedral, where it became the chief attraction for tourists until the Nazis destroyed the town.

BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

TO QUOTE from the mickey finn which Mr. Wolcott Gibbs gave to **The Glass Crutch** (by Jim Bishop), "William Wister, drunk, was certainly a sermon on alcohol. Sober, he may have been even more peculiar." Then Gibbs lists the cities in which Wister was drunk and adds, "On the whole it seems to have been the dullest celebration ever recorded. His reformation was scarcely less depressing." Apparently Mr. Gibbs did not like the book.

NOR would it be a satisfactory answer to Mr. Gibbs to say that because doctors endorse the book, it must be worthwhile as a study of alcoholism. After all, some doctors endorse almost any product if they can just get their rented goatee in some advertising space. Yet if you know that there are over 3,000,000 alcoholics in America, then conceivably you might take notice of **The Glass Crutch.** Beautifully titled, it is the true story of an alcoholic who drinks no longer.

Alcoholism does not mean that just after you lose your job or just before you carry the torch, you go out and get stiff and wake up the next morning with your mouth tasting like a bargain counter for used pipe cleaners. Alcoholism is a disease which compels the arm to reach out towards glass, and which stays with the alcoholic until he dies from reaching or even if he stops reaching because he has read **The Glass Crutch.**

If the book were merely a stark literary exposition of the Omar Khayam in people, that would be reason enough for its appearance elsewhere than in a Medical Journal. It is more than that. It is a story told without frills, a story whose ending is psychologically encouraging (we are now entering another era of dissolusionment), and one of the few novels where any resemblance to fact is entirely intentional. In it, Mr. Bishop gives us writing as angular as the ups and downs of Bill Wister's life. Above all, it is not a plea for teetotaling temperance any more than a story about diabetes is a warning for people who do not have diabetes to stop eating sugar. Teetote! Tut, tut!

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

UNCLE SAM'S COUSINS

THE car was what started him talking. It was a second-hand Chevrolet, not a second-hand Ford. Because of this, he apologized. Needlessly, since I had not noticed and don't think I would have known. I can scarcely tell one automobile from another. Cars to me are cars. All I ask of them is that they run; that they get me where I have to go without too much bouncing or alarm.

He was different. The car belonged to him. That does make a difference; an immediate difference. In his case, however, the professional's no less than the owner's pride was involved. Driving this second-hand Chevrolet was his livelihood. Automobiles were in his blood. He spoke the language of the motors. For him they sang a song I could not hear.

"She's all right," he said. "Listen to her. She runs pretty." His round black face beamed.

Detroit's outlying factories were slipping past us. I was to speak in Battle Creek that night. He had agreed to drive me up and back. You can learn a lot about a man during a three-hundred mile drive. I won't forget what I learned from him.

"Yes, suh, she runs pretty," he repeated, giving the steering wheel a pat with his huge hands. "But I shoh wish I had that Ford."

He was a giant of a man; too fat now to enter the ring. Yet it was in the ring that somehow you saw him, even before he admitted that he used to fight. "Jus' for fun," was the way he put it. One look at him and you knew he had fought only for fun. He had no surface anger in him. Cheerfulness exuded from him. His mouth was too round to have corners. It was always gathered in a smile. Well, almost always. His voice was soft and as sugared as fudge. The sentences he spoke left his lips like tunes played expiringly on a harmonica. His spirit was so relaxed that it yawned. But his deep black eyes, matted as they were with large expanses of pearl, were always alert.

"When did you have that Ford, Sam?" I asked.

"That wuz befo' I went out to India."

"India?"

"Yessuh, I wuz out there in the war."

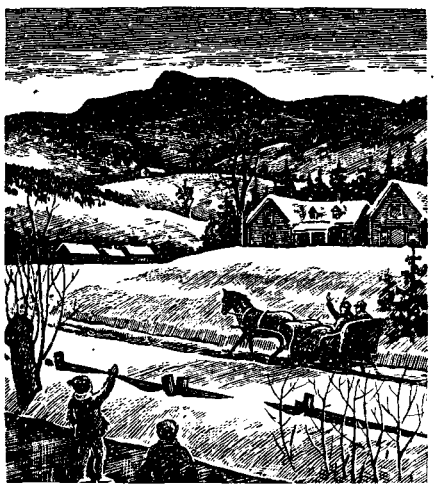
I noticed his discharge button for the first time.

"Quite a country," he continued, "and the British treated us boys nice, all right."

Then he described the strange cities he had seen; the funeral rites he had observed; and rattled off a few Indian words. These were mainly admonitions spoken to beggars. As far as I could make out, they amounted to Hindu equivalents for "scram." He spoke them with a chieftain's dignity; a chieftain's authority, too.

"But it shoh wuz hot," he added, "an' it shoh wuz dirty. All 'cept the Taj Mahal. My, that's pretty. That's the prettiest building I ever did see."

"What were you doing in India, Sam?"



"I wuz in the Army, suh," he explained. "An' I wouldn't take nothin' for it. The war shoh scatters you around, don't it? I wuz with a road battalion outfit. We wuz workin' on the Stillwell Road. You know, suh, the road that linked up with the Burma Road. That's where I hurt my back."

"Your back?"

"Yessuh, I have to take it easy even now. You see, suh, I'm just a few months out of the Army. It wuzn't exactly a wound, suh, but it sorter wuz. I wuz in the hospital here for a long time. An' in the hospital out there for more 'n a year. But they treated us all right."

"What happened to your back, Sam?"

"Well, suh, everything wuz goin' along pretty, until one time the Japs come over. Then they dropped their bombs. An' one of them landed near me an' threw me right up in the air. When I fell down, I broke my back. You can see, suh, I'm a heavy man. I fall hard cos' there's such a lot of me." He laughed. "I didn't know nuthin' for a day or two. I jess passed right out o' the picture, an' stayed out. When I come to I wuz in the hospital, all drugged up. But that doctor out there wuz a nice gentleman, all right. He took good care o' me."

"Did your back hurt a lot, Sam?"

"Well, yes, suh, and no, suh. When I had to lie on that plank it hurt. An' I shoh sweated in the plaster cast out there. Yessuh, I sweated. An' I didn't sleep too good."

"What about your back now, Sam? Having any trouble with it?"

"Yessuh. In bad weather. An' if I drives too far. Or I gits tired. She tunes up then."

"What did you do, Sam, to pass the time, when you were waiting?"

"Well, suh. I wrote letters. An' I waited for 'em. You know, suh. An' I read a lot. Yessuh, I read a lot. Did you ever read Richard Wright's 'Black Boy', suh? That's a fine book, now, ain't it now? Then I read 'Native Son'. An' 'Strange Fruit'. An' George Washington Carver's story of his life. I likes to read about my people."

"Of course you do, Sam. But what about that Ford?"

"Well, suh, that's where the letters come in. You see, I read about it, too."

In the small mirror in front of us I saw that for once every trace of laughter had left Sam's face. His voice remained as impersonal as if he were discussing the motor.

"It wuz when I wuz away that we lost her. One day in the hospital out there, suh, I got a letter from my wife. I won't forget that day. Yuh know how yuh feel when a letter from home comes to yuh overseas. Well, I settled down to read it. Then, suh, I had to start readin' it all over again.

"It wuz from a hospital in Detroit, an' it wuz my wife's handwritin' but it wuzn't quite hers.

"She's a school teacher. An' she minds her own business. She always has. We've been up here twenty years. It's a nice place to live, suh. We come from the South an' we don't want no trouble. That's why we come up here.

"I've worked in 'most every automobile plant in Detroit. Day shifts and night. That's where we saved enough to get that Ford. I wish yuh could 've seen her. She wuz easy-ridin', suh, an' she could travel.

"Well, my wife, she wrote me that day about her and the Ford. Yuh see, she wuz drivin' to school, mindin' her own business. She's that kind, suh. She's quiet. She'd gone to pick up a book. That's what took her a different way. Anyhow, she said she wuz jus' drivin' along, not knowin' the race riot had broken out. She weren't doin' nuthin' but drivin'. Not nothin'.

"Suddenly some kids, some young hoodlums wearin' sorter zoot-suit clothes bobbed up in the road in front

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OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat

MICHAEL TODD presents
"UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS · Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS · Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
BROADWAY THEA., B'way at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

SECOND YEAR!
BLOOMER GIRL
MANETTE FABRAY · DAVID BROOKS · DOOLEY WILSON · DOROTHY JARNAC
Music by HAROLD ARLEN · Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, 44th St., W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

NEW YORK'S No. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
SONO OSATO — NANCY WALKER in
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Music by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Book & Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN. Dances by JEROME ROBBINS
MARTIN BECK Theatre, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Cl. 6-6363. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents—PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Frank Fay in 'Harvey'
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

of her. An' she stopped. What else could she do? Do yuh know what they did, suh? They didn't know her from Adam. But they dragged her from the car an' threw her down in the street. An' they beat an' kicked her till they broke about four of her ribs.

"Then, suh, when she wuz still cryin' there, an' a lot of folks wuz lookin' on, those boys started a fire under the car an' they burned the Ford up. Right there in the street before her eyes.

"I'm sorry to tell yuh all this, suh, but yuh asked what happened to the Ford an' why we had this Chevrolet. We got it from my Army pay when I got out of the hospital here."

"How can you tell me this, Sam, without getting mad?" I asked.

"I'll allow it did shake me out there, suh. An' it did make me wonder what I wuz fightin' for, anyway. But I'm not the gettin'-mad kind. I jest want to go my way."

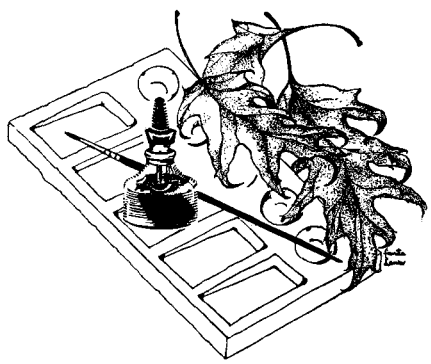
"Doesn't it make you angry, though, Sam? It does me."

"No, suh. What's the use? I don't take on 'less I think about it too much. Or when I drives my wife to the clinic for treatments. Then I must say I sees red spots dancin' before my eyes."

There was a pause. A long one. Finally Sam spoke.

"There's one thing I don't get," said he. "I mean about the white people and my people. I know the trouble between 'em is an old one. But if two times in the last twenty-five years my people has been good enough to be sent overseas to fight for this country, don't that count? Don't that at least make us cousins of Uncle Sam? What's the answer to that one, suh? That's what I don't get."

JOHN MASON BROWN



"HURRY, FOLKS, GET YOUR TICKETS" N. Y. Times
Richard Kollmar & Jas. W. Gardiner present
ARE YOU WITH IT?
JOAN ROBERTS · JOHNNY DOWNS · LEW PARKER · DOLORES GRAY
Jane Deering • Jane Dulo • June Richmond
CENTURY Thea. 59th St. & 7th Ave. Cl 7-3121 Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed & Sat 2:30

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"It's a Hit!" —MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with MICHAEL O'SHEA • EDDIE FOY, Jr.
ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
ZIEGFELD Thea. • 54th St. & 6th Ave. • CI 5-5200
Evenings 8:40 • Mats. Wednesdays & Saturdays 2:40

"Spencer Tracy is on hand to make one realize how sorely the theatre has missed this great actor." — BARNES, Herald Tribune
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in ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S New Play
THE RUGGED PATH
PLYMOUTH Theatre, W. 45th St. Cl. 6-9156
Evgs. 8:40—$4.80 to 1.20. Mat. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

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TONY PASTOR
and His Orchestra
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION!
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Glamorous Singing Star
DON BAKER at the Organ
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— SAMUEL GRAFTON

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— ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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LOEW'S
CRITERION
B'WAY & 45th ST.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

Perilous Seas

VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY. By Barbara Corrigan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1945 302 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

IN MANY WAYS this somewhat strenuous tale of undergraduate life at Pacific State (at Beverly, across the bay from San Francisco) is as fantastic as Hollywood's astonishing notions of our universities, but not entirely so. This novel is peopled with the young sophisticates, not the musical-comedy, quarterback crowd; moreover, freed from the watch-and-ward inhibitions imposed by the Hays-Johnston office, the novelist can, and does, call a spade a spade (or worse) and thereby achieves a superficial realism never approached by the movies. The title of the novel applies not only to the heroine and her amazing adventures, but also to any reader who fancies himself already familiar with college life. Can such things be? he may well ask himself.

Cornelia's four-year voyage is devastating, to say the least. At the age of seventeen she is intellectually emancipated, freed of such annoying curbs as conscience, unhampered by bourgeois morality, and already seeing life whole, with a vengeance. She is indirectly the cause of the accidental death of one student and the suicide of another, and all but lures a young professor away from his bovine wife and four children. She voyages safely and triumphantly through these perilous seas, however, and at the end finds refuge in the care of the only well-behaved dependable young man in the university. A catty sorority sister accuses her of majoring in sin, but she makes all the honoraries from Phi Beta Kappa up. Readers who take their fiction seriously will think more than twice before they pack their daughters off to college.

For all its extravagances the novel is written with enough shrewdness to keep the reader wondering what will happen next, and to keep him amused by the older characters. As one would expect, the students are tiresome, but not Cornelia's family. Here is healthy, irreverent satire and college humor, as well as some untouched pictures of sorority life and student "activities."

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GREGORY PECK
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INGRID BERGMAN

AS HIS CLIO OF NEW ORLEANS

EDNA FERBER'S

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WITH

FLORA ROBSON

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HOLLYWOOD

BROADWAY AT 51ST

CONTINUOUS POPULAR PRICES

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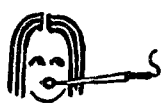
Houghton Mifflin Company's

Gift Guide

Fiction

	Romance	Froth	Chills
 **Highbrow Harriet**	Best American Short Stories The Far Away Music Swing Low The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith Hunky Johnny Children of the Covenant	Looking for a Bluebird Outside Eden	Bedelia Beneath the Stone
		Highbrow Harriet and Lending Library Liz	
Returned Hero	Hunky Johnny Written in Sand Birth of Mischief It's a Free Country The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith Hurry Home to My Heart The Private Adventure of Captain Shaw	Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Bedelia Leave Her to Heaven Beneath the Stone Who Wants to Live Forever? The Valley of Dry Bones
		Many of these titles have been overseas in the	
Heavy Thinker	Best American Short Stories Children of the Covenant Swing Low *This man's froth is another man's romance*	Looking for a Bluebird Hunky Johnny The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith	Beneath the Stone *Even the heavy thinker can't avoid love and laughter but chills be frequently can escape*
Best Seller Fan	Jennifer's House The Far Away Music The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith The Birth of Mischief	Looking for a Bluebird Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Leave Her to Heaven *Those rugged pace-makers, Three titles here listed*
Ivory Tower Tenant	Portrait of a Lady My Antonia Mirror for Witches U.S.A. Tale of Genji	Their Wedding Journey Marjorie Daw	Midnight on the 31st of March Number One Elsie Venner
		The Ivory Tower Tenant doesn't believe in reading	
Lending Library Liz	The Private Adventure of Captain Shaw Jennifer's House The Birth of Mischief The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith Hurry Home to My Heart Hunky Johnny Red Fruit	Outside Eden Suds in Your Eye High Time Country Mouse	Leave Her to Heaven Bedelia
Radio Readers	Paddle to the Sea The House of Seven Gables Johnny Tremaine	Peterkin Papers Tales from Uncle Remus	Smoke Jumper Adventures of Richard Hanney Adventurers All
		The twelve-year-olds really can't read unless the radio is going	
Man of 1960	Pecos Bill Don Coyote The Little House Jack Tales	Anybody at Home? Feed the Animals Where's My Baby? The Little Red Hen	Katie and the Big Snow The Big Fire *Give him the reading habit—*

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Books to cure a Christmas headache

Non-Fiction

The past	The present	Timeless
Thomas Jefferson Against These Three Elizabeth & Leicester	Gumbo Ya-Ya One Nation More Lives Than One Where Do People Take Their Troubles?	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree
are sisters beneath their brains—that's where their lists overlap		
Slow Train to Yesterday Thomas Jefferson Against These Three Elizabeth & Leicester	House of Europe Gumbo Ya-Ya When Johnny Comes Marching Home More Lives Than One	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree The Garden Dictionary
uniform of the armed services editions	*your returned hero will surely find them to his taste*	
Thomas Jefferson Raw Material Against These Three	Europe in Revolution One Nation More Lives Than One	The Practical Cogitator The Wisdom Tree Encyclopedia of World History
Thomas Jefferson Against These Three	Gumbo Ya-Ya The Great Answer	The Practical Cogitator
the Joneses, keep the Best Seller Fan reading	*With these titles you can keep up with more Joneses*	
have not made the best-seller lists yet—we think they will before Christmas		
Patterns of Culture Mont St. Michel and Chartres Maritime History of Massachusetts Audubon's America	Looking Backward Mein Kampf	Selected Works of Thoreau (Canby) Selected Works of MacLeish Road to Xanadu
books that have not been out at least 5 years		
Elizabeth & Leicester	Where Do People Take Their Troubles? The Great Answer	Mrs. Appleyard's Kitchen
There's not much in non-fiction for a girl who needs a new hero every night		
Tree in the Trail A Picture History of Britain The Story of a Bad Boy Two Years Before the Mast Log of a Cowboy	The Moved-Outers Sky Highways	A Natural History of Birds Anthology of Children's Literature Field Guide to Birds
—but it won't have to be so loud for these titles		
Little History of the United States	Ilenka Little Georg What Makes it Tick?	Prayer for Little Things Very Young Verses Anthology of Children's Literature
neither be, you, nor we will ever regret it		

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(*Continued from page 12*)

time by the accident of a common interest. There are two novels of China, Lau Shaw's "Rickshaw Boy," a moving story of a lowly Chinese lad for whom all of happiness lies in the possession of his own rickshaw and whose adventures in trying to procure it are always touching and often heartrending, and "The Small General," a novel of the Chinese soil, by Robert Standish. In "Village in the Sun" Dane Chandos has painted a picture of Mexico which breathes the spirit of that land.

Biography, though it has produced no runaway bestseller as in some years, nevertheless has much that is interesting and substantial to its credit. In "Lincoln the President" James G. Randall has published a work which the historians assert should for a long time prove the authoritative study of the political aspects of Lincoln's administration. As interesting as it is careful and searching, Fawn Brodie's "No Man Knows My History" develops in its broader aspects as well as in its amazing personal incidents the dramatic, or better, the melodramatic, career of Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet. Claude J. Bowers's "The Young Jefferson" precedes in period, and so will eventually form the first volume in, his completed biography of the great Virginian of which two volumes have already appeared.

THERE is a trio of musical biographies which deserves notice—Alfred Einstein's "Mozart: His Character, His Work," "Florestan, the Life and Work of Robert Schumann," by Robert Haven Schauffler, and "Bad Boy of Music," the autobiography of George Antheil. And there is a batch of literary biographies which should meet diversified tastes. Included in it are Katharine Anthony's "The Lambs," which is at its most interesting in its portrayal of the parents of Charles and Mary; "The Trollopes," by Lucy Poate Stebbins and Richard Poate Stebbins, which also furnishes a vivid portrayal of the lesser known members of a famous family; and Frances Winwar's "The Life of the Heart," in which the life story of George Sand is revealed as quite as romantic and dramatic as that of any of the heroines of her fiction.

Contemporary writers are represented by Richard Wright's powerful and scarifying autobiography, "Black Boy," a book appalling in some of its incidents and in all of its implications; Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Alexander Woollcott: His Life and His World," an anecdotal and remarkably dispassionate work in view of the fact that the author was a friend of his subject, and Oliver La Farge's "Raw Material," with its exceedingly interesting discussion of life at one of the great boys' schools of the country. Ray Stannard Baker has had a rich and varied experience as newspaper correspondent and biographer to draw from in "American Chronicle" and his reminiscences have the interest which his close acquaintance with public affairs and public men would insure and the grace of narration which marked his adventures in writing as David Grayson.

The present Manhattan which has seen its rivers spanned more than once by great bridges knows little of the excitement which attended the completion of the first and still the most famous, Brooklyn Bridge. There is a dramatic account of its construction, along with hardly less interesting material on other great bridges built by the Roeblings, in D. B. Steinman's biography of father and son, "The Builders of the Bridge." An excellent piece of Americana, Marquis James's "The Cherokee Strip," is a saga of boyhood in Enid in the newly opened Oklahoma Territory and even more a lively portrayal of a pioneer community.

The most distinguished biography of the year from the point of view of the eminence of its author and the beauty of its writing is George Santayana's second volume of reminiscences, "The Middle Span," in which the eminent philosopher writes with the fulness of thought and the delicate appreciation of personality and scene which readers of his books have learned to expect. Ella Young's "Flowering Dusk," a sort of spiritual autobiography, should have appeal for the discerning, while Stuart Cloete's "Against These Three," a study in South African history, and "Heritage of Fire," by Friedelind Wagner and Page Cooper, in which the granddaughter of Richard and the daughter of Siegfried Wagner describes Bayreuth under the corrupting influence of Hitler and the Fuehrer himself in the intimate friendship he enjoyed in the Wagner household, are books to appeal to the readers of recent and fairly recent history.

OUTSTANDING among the historical studies of America of the past year is "The Age of Jackson," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. This broadly based and penetrating work marks the advent of a writer of importance in the field of history and affords excellent material for a Pulitzer Prize. Written as a diary in the field during the Civil War, but only now first printed, Lieut.-Col. W. W. Blackford's "War Years with Jeb Stuart" is a highly interesting and exceedingly colorful picture of the War Between the States from the Southern point of view. Colonel Blackford describes action and incident with a vigorous pen, and his vignettes of some of the leaders with whom he served are sharp and striking. Douglas S. Freeman drew upon his diary as source material for his own distinguished works on Lee and his commanders. Josephus Daniels continues his autobiography, which is actually a history of the period it covers, in a new volume embracing "The Wilson Era"; George Stewart, author of "Storm," attacks history from a novel angle in "Names on the Land," which follows the development of the United States westward through its topographical nomenclature; and Struthers Burt mingles description, anecdote, and history delightfully in "Philadelphia: City of Brotherly Love." Other works in the field of history which deserve notice are C. N. Wedgwood's excellent study, "William the Silent," Milton Waldman's "Elizabeth and Leicester," and Maurice Hindus's "The Cossacks."

Some of the most vigorous writing, and certainly some of the most pertinent, has been done by the foreign correspondents. Owen Lattimore, one of the best informed reporters on the Far East, discusses the role of the United States in the Pacific, Russian policy there, and cognate problems in "Solution in Asia"; Harrison Forman, in "Report from Red China," records his findings after experience at the Communist front; Edgar Snow, one of

(*Continued on page 48*)

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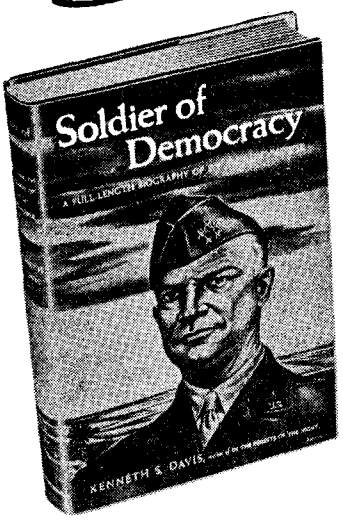

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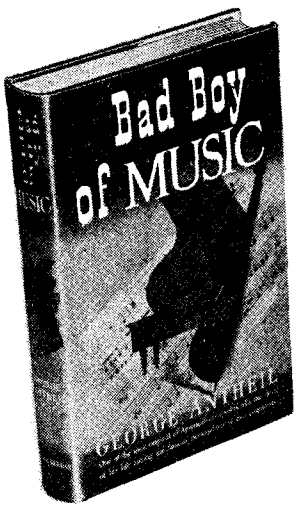

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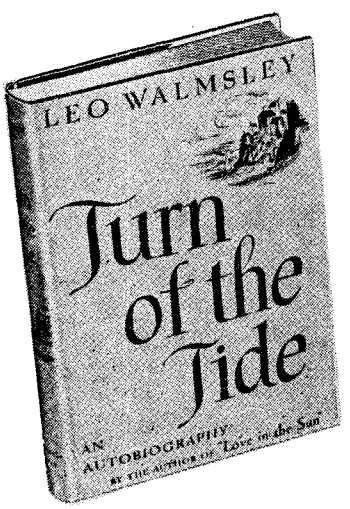

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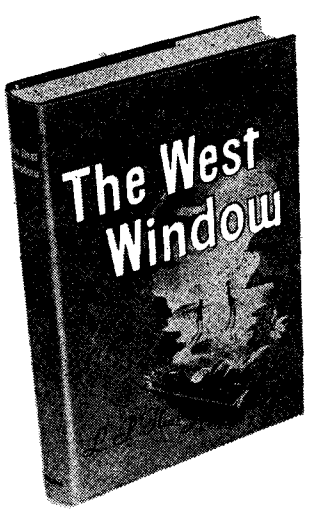

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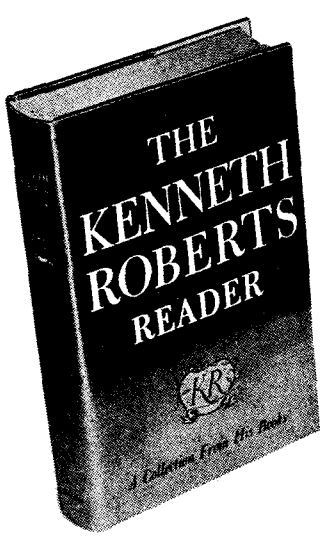

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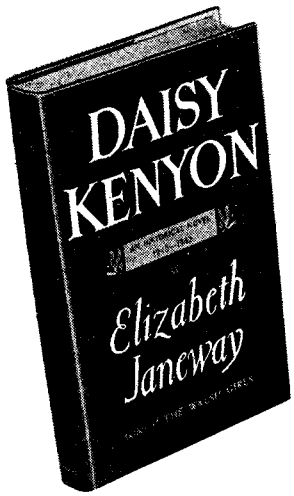

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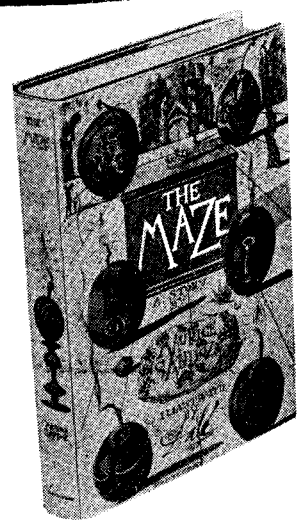

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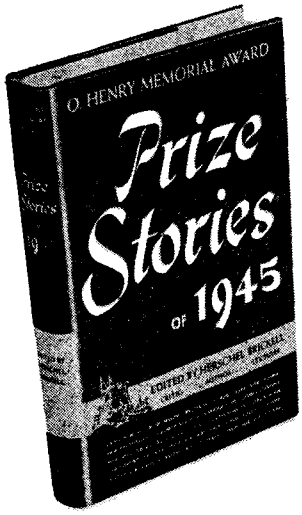

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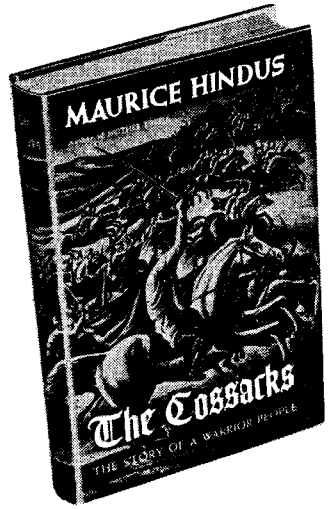

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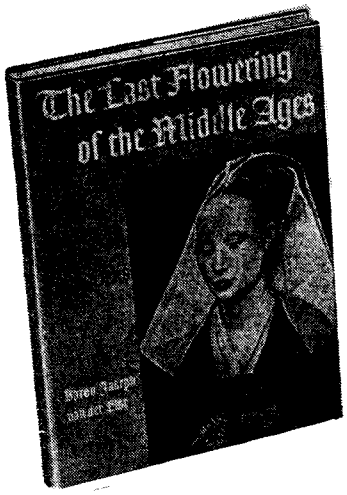

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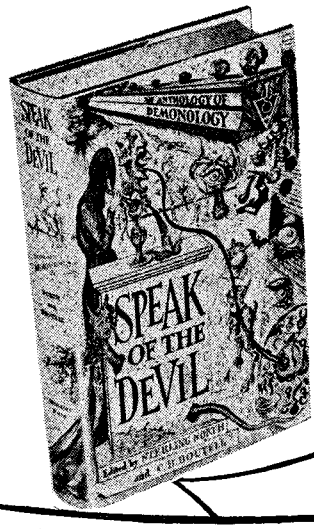

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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN ROLE

(*Continued from page 19*)

its effect on American security was recognized, even in 1917. But the defensive interdependence between this country and Britain which was so clear in the military crisis became less clear in peacetime, which brought repudiation of Wilson and enactment by Congress of the Neutrality and Johnson Acts. Yet the impossibility of neutrality had just been demonstrated in a world war.

If today the British see the fact, known to all serious students of the subject, that no country can be secure standing alone, it is not because they are inherently more clear-headed than Americans, but because experience, the tightening of belts even more in peacetime than in war, the spectacle of about a quarter of all their homes damaged or destroyed, has rubbed their noses in it somewhat rudely. The result has been to help make the British what Professor Brinton declares them to be—"probably more sincerely internationalist than any of the great peoples of the world today." It would indeed be strange if the consciousness of dependence upon others, upon cooperation with them, were as vivid in the United States as it is in Britain, in view of the great difference of experience on the home front. And it is the millions on the home front who mainly determine policy.

Just before the atomic conferences in Washington, Churchill, speaking in the Commons, advised Attlee, then about to leave, "to make it clear to the United States that we will march at their side in the cause that President Truman has defined; that we will add our strength to their strength . . . If everything else fails, which we must not admit, here is the best chance of survival."

This was merely the latest of a whole series of offers or suggestions coming from Churchill for ever closer Anglo-American coöperation.

Writing on the morrow of this statement, Mr. Walter Lippmann insisted that the United States was not yet ready to make a response to such an appeal, and Professor Brinton seems to imply that no affirmative reply should ever be made. (It is significant, by the way, that the creation of an Anglo-American Committee to deal with the Palestinian problem was widely opposed, particularly by Leftist organs, which also opposed the Attlee-Truman statement on the bomb, published at the same time.) Both Professor Brinton and Mr. Sumner Welles (the latter in the introduction) lay down a somewhat elusive policy or principle in this matter of Anglo-American cooperation. Both agree, cordially, that serious conflict between the English-speaking peoples would send all hopes of an international organization glimmering; that Anglo-American agreement is quite indispensable, even though it may not be enough. Both agree that, as Mr. Welles puts it, "material grounds of friction between the leading Anglo-Saxon peoples" do exist; and furthermore that it is dangerous to take their harmonious settlement for granted. Both point to the curious historical fact that though the two peoples have always coöperated well in time of war, they tend to drift widely apart in times of peace. Yet both conclude that the formation of

an Anglo-Saxon bloc would be disastrous. Professor Brinton's final conclusion is that we face two dangers: "One is an Anglo-American collaboration so close as to seem to the rest of the world an Anglo-American bloc against the rest of the world; the other is outright, old-fashioned Anglo-American rivalry and quarreling. There is a way between and we have got to find it."

Well, it is going to be a very ticklish business to know whether common action at any given point—on the veto question in the U.N.O., the right of small nations to effective representation, atomic bomb control, occupation policy in Germany, in Japan; the Palestinian problem; Bretton Woods, and a hundred more such questions—is going to send us into a collaboration so close as to constitute a bloc, or whether fear of too close a cooperation is going to produce a failure of leadership towards effective world organization.

"We and the British have made as between ourselves," writes Professor Brinton, "a beginning of international government"; have come nearer, he says, to transcending national lines "than any modern peoples have ever achieved." Britain and the United States can and must, he adds, play "a leading part, but by no means a dominating part, certainly not a domineering part."

But when does leadership become domination? And may not a dominating position be the only alternative to something worse in an anarchic and chaotic world? America's own history has something to say on that question. No one will deny America's preponderance of power in the western hemisphere. As Secretary Olney put it to Lord Salisbury during the Venezuelan dispute: "The United States is practically sovereign on this continent and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." Olney spoke the truth, even if a little crudely. Could the defense from overseas reconquest or aggression which the Monroe Doctrine has afforded to the twenty Latin American republics, could that doctrine itself have been possible, if the United States had *not* had a dominating position? If the thirteen separate states had *not* formed the Union which made it dominating? One may go further. The Monroe Doctrine itself was the direct product of Anglo-American cooperation and power. It was suggested by a British minister, had behind it the British fleet, and, in 1823, would not have been possible but for that fact, as Jefferson in his extremely significant but almost unknown letter to President Monroe of October 17 of that year makes quite plain.

Professor Brinton seems to imply that history utters a grave warning against too close Anglo-American coöperation, as likely to create fears of a ganging-up, inimical to wider international coöperation. What history? Was the failure of the League due to too close an Anglo-American coöperation? France certainly did not fear Anglo-American domination when Clemenceau pleaded so urgently for an Anglo-American guaranty in 1919, persuaded, as so many Frenchmen were, that without it Germany would be tempted to attack once more, and that only a guaranty by *both* branches of the English-speaking world could be effective in preventing such an attack and so a second world war. (There were no other powers at that time who could give France the effective guaranty she sought.) Obviously, Japanese aggression in 1931 was not due in any way to the ganging up of the Anglo-Saxon powers. The failure to check Japan in 1931, when Stimson sought British coöperation in applying sanctions, was due rather to too little Anglo-

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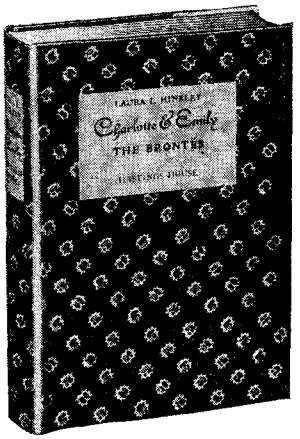

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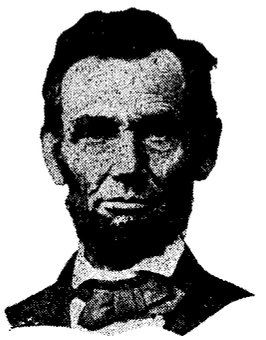

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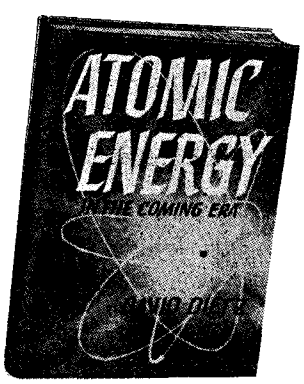

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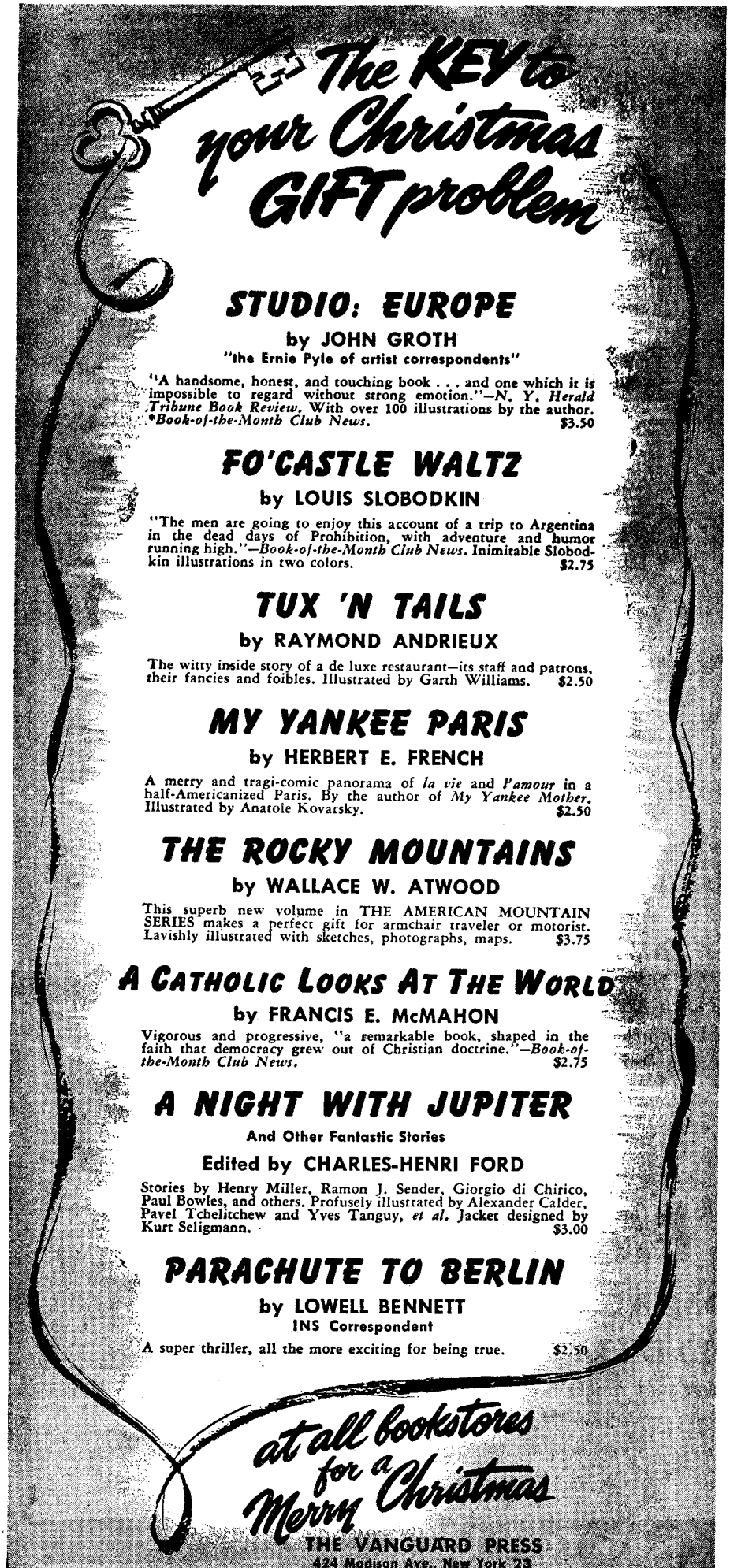
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American collaboration. Britain's hesitations three years later in shutting off oil to Mussolini, which might have prevented the Ethiopian adventure, were certainly not due to too much Anglo-American coöperation, because Britain's main instrument in imposing sanctions would have been blockade and she has an old and long history of trouble with America on that score. Closer coöperation was needed. It is equally clear that Germany's second aggression, when it came, was not caused by a ganging-up of the democracies against her, but rather by the reverse, by the fact that there was no ganging-up, so that she was tempted by her belief that the democratic world was so hopelessly divided as to be unable to resist her.

These are only some of many other relevant examples. We can say with pretty fair assurance that if an Anglo-American bloc had existed and been prepared to play the role which Clemenceau so ardently desired it to play in 1919 (Wilson supported his view); which Stimson wanted in 1931; which the circumstances called for in the Ethiopian crisis and in much that followed (to say nothing of the League)—in that case it is altogether likely the Second World War would have been prevented. The bloc sprang into being a year or so after the second war started, as Professor Brinton notes, in a form of coöperation "closer than any modern peoples have ever achieved," as he puts it, describing it as "a beginning of international government." But it came too late to prevent war.

Two facts have made our problems of the future widely different from those of the past: the coming of the atomic bomb and the emergence of Russia as potentially the greatest military power on earth. Professor Brinton's book was written before the falling of the bomb on Hiroshima. As to Russia, the reader gets the impression that the author takes it for granted that any very close drawing together of the United States and Britain will add to the difficulty of an understanding with Russia. It is extremely doubtful if that assumption can be taken for granted. It is certain that deep divergencies between Britain and the United States would add enormously to tripartite understanding (since each in the triangle would almost inevitably be led to playing off the other two against one another). It is at least possible that something like an Anglo-American bloc would make it less, not more, difficult to come to an understanding with Russia. But to explore the psychology and politics of that proposition would demand a book in itself.

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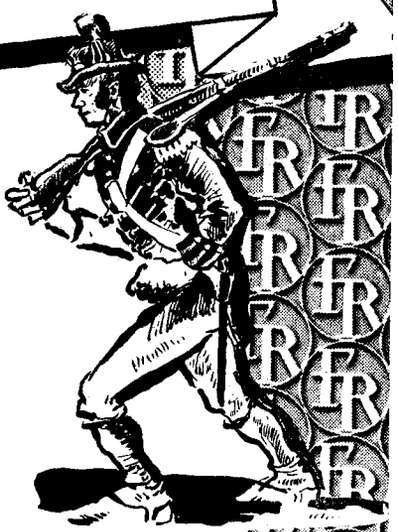

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(*Continued from page 38*)

the most knowledgable and discerning of the analysts, writes of "The Pattern of Soviet Power," and Gunther Stein discusses "The Challenge of Red China." Willard Price, in "Japan and the Son of Heaven," sets forth the relation of the Emperor to his people. A book which has met with enthusiastic encomiums from many is Emery Reves's "The Anatomy of Peace," a plea for world government. Needless to say there are many to attack Mr. Reves's argument as utopian and unrealizable. Controversy has raged also about "Germany Is Our Problem," by Henry Morgenthau.

In the field of belles lettres one of the most striking volumes has proved to be "The Crack-up," by F. Scott Fitzgerald. Poetry had interesting volumes to show in Jeremy Ingalls's "Tahl," "Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden," Walter de la Mare's "The Burning Glass," and the delightful anthology by Lord Wavell, "Other Men's Flowers." And while on the subject of anthologies, mention should be made of one of the most original, novel, and satisfying of them to appear for a long time, "The Practical Cogitator, or The Thinker's Anthology," selected and edited by Charles F. Curtis, Jr., and Ferris Greenslet.

Among books on the war special notice should be taken of "Many a Watchful Night," by John Mason Brown, an eloquent and moving account of D-Day in Normandy, and Bill Mauldin's "Up Front," in which text and drawings are equally excellent. Sui generis is Peter Bowman's "Beach Red," a minute-by-minute record of an amphibious invasion. Chronicles of the Pacific war have been numerous. Among them Ira Wolfert's "American Guerrilla in the Philippines" stands out as one of the most effective. Also worthy of note are such books as Robert Trumbull's "Silversides" and Robert J. Casey's "Battle Below."

The atomic bomb, which brought the war with Japan to so abrupt a close, called forth an immediate flurry of books. Most arresting and challenging among them was Norman Cousins's "Modern Man Is Obsolete," which has furnished the text for discussion and sermons throughout the country. The basic volume on the scientific aspects of the subject is Henry DeWolf Smyth's "Atomic Energy for Military Purposes" on which most of the more popular books have relied for their material. Other works of interest in this field are "Atomic Energy in the Coming Age," by David Dietz, and "Atom Smashers," by Raymond F. Yates.

There is a miscellaneous group of books which should not go unnoticed. Included in it are Jacques Barzun's "Teacher in America," "The Doctor's Job," by Carl Binger, "Meet Your Ancestors," by Roy Chapman Andrews, "The Wisdom Tree," by Emma Hawkridge, and "One Nation," by Wallace Stegner and *Look's* editors.

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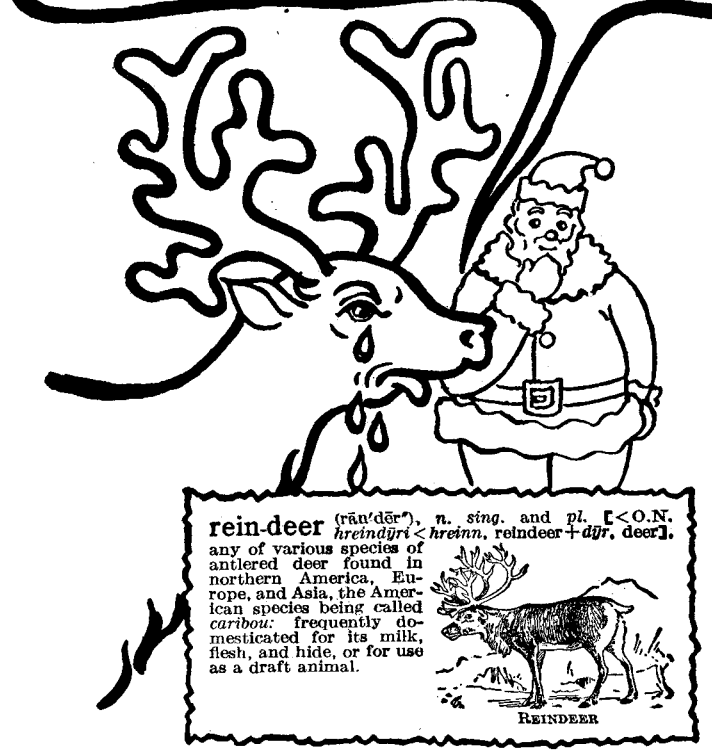

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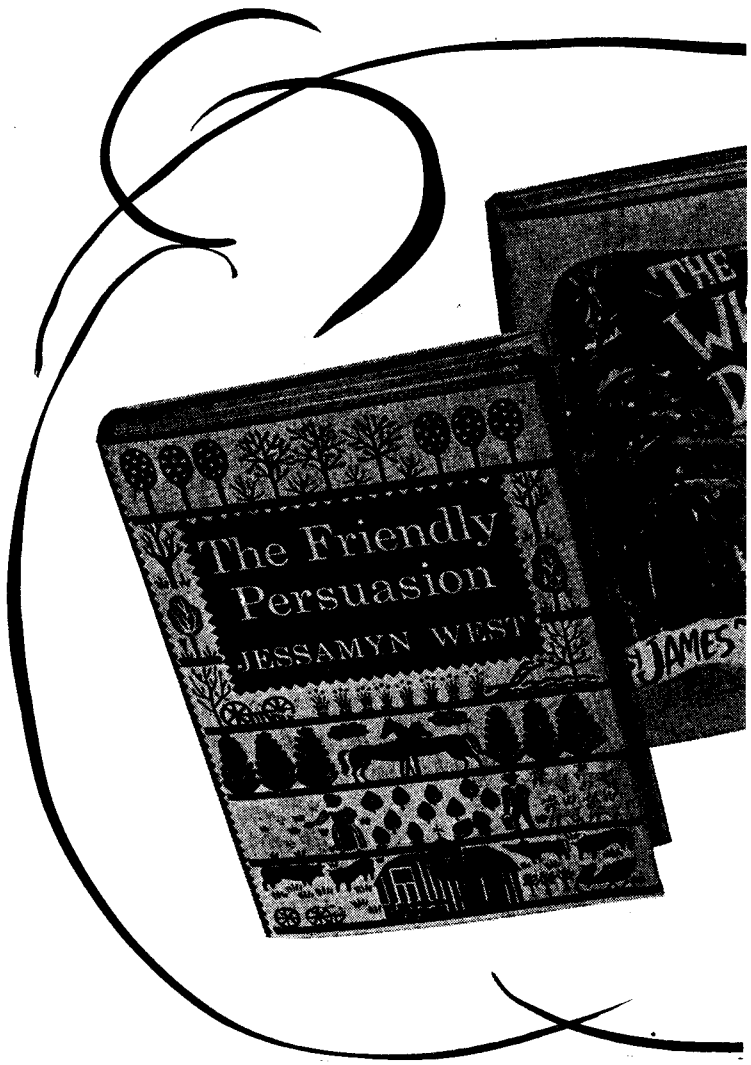

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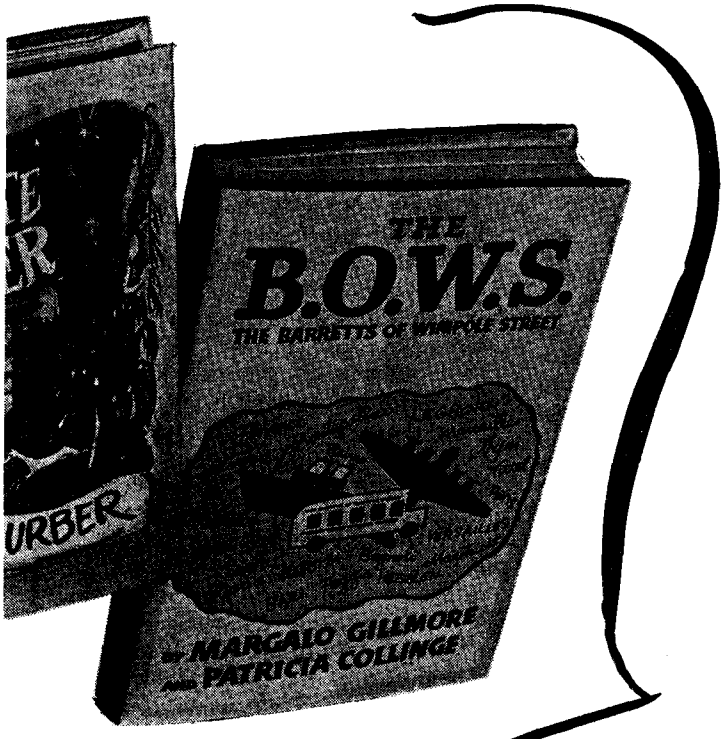

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Great Soldier and Good Citizen

SOLDIER OF DEMOCRACY. A Biography of Dwight Eisenhower. By Kenneth S. Davis. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 566 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY CHRISTMAN

PROBABLY there are thousands of people who, like myself, have wished in the past two years for the kind of a biography of Dwight Eisenhower that Kenneth Davis has now produced. It would have been a useful book in wartime. It would have saved many Americans in Europe endless embarrassment. "Tell us about General Eisenhower." Our British Allies were in dead earnest. Here was a man they liked; here was genius for drawing together people of diverse nationalities and training them into a comradeship. They liked his way of doing things; they even liked his Americanism. He did not fit the pattern in which great generals were cast. He was different—"tell us about him."

More than once, I am sure, we all wished there had been a Kenneth Davis—a serious biographer who possessed the patience to look into the life of this man with, as Davis describes his own method, "that ant-like industry employed by the fiction writers of the 'naturalist' school." We fumbled as best we could. There was little anecdotal material, no dramatic utterance (although Eisenhower, who is the most un-malicious of men, is reported to have commented wryly that for four years he studied dramatics under General MacArthur in the Philippines), there were no heroic deeds, no battle experiences.

At best, with the help of the journalists, we could put together a sketchy picture: he came from a humble home, he had worked with his hands, he had peddled vegetables with a push cart, he had made his way without special favor as a typical product of a Midwestern town. But as time and the war progressed, Eisenhower's actions spoke for him. The very people who had pressed for facts about the supreme commander were no longer asking. Without reservation they simply proclaimed their affection for Eisenhower and their trust in him. Without benefit of special propaganda, through honesty and humility, through frankness and genuine feeling for people, he was his own best advocate.

By ordinary standards a reviewer is not entitled to so expansive a preamble. It is justified only as it points up the long need for a serious and competent study of Eisenhower that would account for his essential character, and measure, as far as a contemporary can, its influence on the current of history. What was needed, and what Davis has produced, is a full canvass of the man who without any self-conscious effort has given us by action and words a blueprint of the process by which democratic heroes are made.

Wisely, before he associated himself with Eisenhower at the supreme commander's personal headquarters in France, Davis sought perspective by examining the man's roots. It was in these roots that he found answers to how the general got to be the kind of human being he is, and how he has preserved through a long military

President Roosevelt and General Eisenhower aboard a plane en route to Sicily following the historic Teheran conference.

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career the qualities that habitually are foreign to the military. He found that Eisenhower came from a long line of Mennonites, religious and social non-conformists, bitter foes of militarism and war; that he is a soldier only by accident, an American bred in the deepest American tradition of self-reliance, self-respect, and parallel respect for the conviction and the integrity of others. He found that the family fled religious persecution in Germany "during the worst of all ideological wars, the Thirty Years war . . . out of which grew certain dark forces which were to culminate in Hitler," settled first in Switzerland, then in Holland, and finally, in the early 1700s, in Pennsylvania, where they practiced their religious faith as River Brethren for a century and a half before moving on to a life of frugality and industry in Abilene, Kansas.

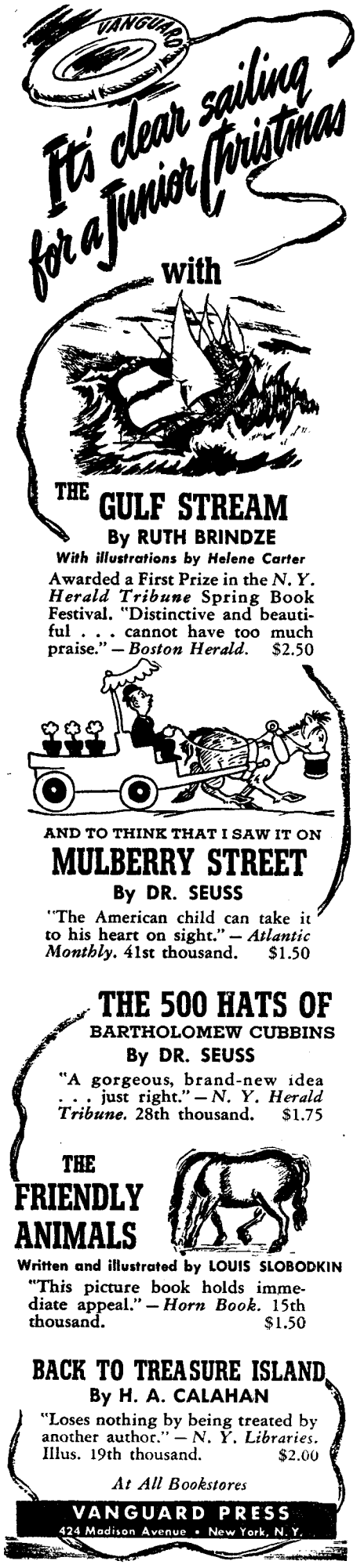
ABILENE also enriched the family tradition. At the head of the Chisholm Trail, it had seen rough and lawless life, and the color and legend of the recent frontier were part of the Eisenhower boyhood. The family, as Davis makes clear, is remarkably close knit. (Dwight was one of six brothers, all successful in their chosen careers; Milton, who served in the Department of Agriculture under two administrations and who helped organize the Office of War Information, is president of Kansas State College.) "Its members," Davis writes, "however separated from one another . . . still think of themselves as a family, deriving much of their individual characters from their family relationship."

These influences add up to the true American way of life, and Eisenhower's record shows—and this is significant as we enter a period in which Eisenhower's word will have great strength in determining the path we will follow as a nation in one world—that his democratic instincts can be trusted. So important to Davis is the thesis of the family influence that his story of Dwight is inextricably a story of the family until he has established the heritage that largely explains what common people everywhere have felt as they have seen Eisenhower—that he was giving participation rather than taking acclaim; that in contrast to others who have commanded their adulation as military victors, he has inspired their warmth and affection as a man.

Davis shows that when the history of the United States (after a period of national isolation) became continuous with the history of the world, Eisenhower became "a remarkably valid symbol of democracy in arms." He refused to ally himself with the great, or with a class, but remained "the same to everyone," radiating comradeship. "In the warm glow of his friendliness, cold natures were thawed and icy dislikes melted away." The principle of Allied coöperation became virtually a religion to him and by personal example he made himself its embodiment. His frank recognition of national differences in outlook and custom created a solid bridge for understanding. A good illustration is the story of the American colonel disciplined after he had disputed bitterly with a British officer over a phase of military planning. Eisenhower, after reviewing the case, said: "The other man was wrong and you might be excused for calling him a son of a bitch in the heat of argument. But you called him a British son of a bitch. For that I am sending you home."

Davis has much to say about the "inept" way the State Department handled the political aspects of the African campaign, and the reader inescapably feels that to some degree he reflects Eisenhower's opinion, although (and this is the handicap he inevitably assumes as biographer of a political as well as a military figure at the height of his career) he must avoid saying so. Instead of political and military warfare being inextricably mingled, they were so poorly coördinated, Davis says, as to be virtually separate. While Eisenhower was directing with remarkable competence the military planning, "the chances of final success were being seriously compromised by one of the most inept attempts at Realpolitik in all history." Over this, Davis says, Eisenhower did not have, and was to continue not to have, effective control. Davis castigates Robert Murphy, whose acquaintances among the French seem to have been reactionary political and business leaders, for political action that deprived the Allies of "the only French support that was trustworthy," the Free French, and declares that the State Department's appeasement of Franco was without even military justification. If Spain's neutrality had been real "we could have taken Tunis almost literally for nothing. . . . The race for Tunis, which we were to lose by the narrowest margin, would in that case have been unnecessary." Davis says the "effort to shift all responsibility for political developments onto Eisenhower's shoulders is only too typical of the State Department's defensive strategy."

Kenneth Davis's "Soldier of Democracy" is a vital and human portrait of an extraordinary leader.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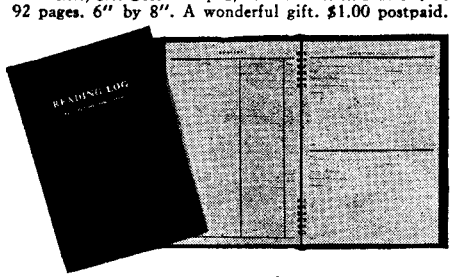

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The 1945 Crime Round-Up

By Judge Lynch

BEFORE summing up, analyzing, and dissecting the mystery stories of 1945 that stood out above the run-of-the-mill, it may be wise to mention a few late comers that might possibly fill the lethal toe of somebody's Christmas stocking. They are, in order of publication, as follows: "The Fearful Passage," by H. C. Branson (Simon and Schuster, $2.00: publication date, December 7) —an adventure of bearded John Bent, who is called upon to find out who slew a sneery literary critic, and who uncovers a necropolis of family skeletons before the not entirely unexpected denouement. Despite the gore that is spilled, it's rather a quiet story, but effective. Coming on December 12 is a new Miss Silver story by Patricia Wentworth entitled "She Came Back" (J. B. Lippincott, $2.00). This deals with an English girl who was thought dead in France, but who returned and precipitated a violent train of events which Miss Silver, complete with knitting, finally brought to a satisfactory close. It's a sterling Silver. And last, but by no means least, "Night Has a Thousand Eyes," by George Hopley (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). This is more of a horror story, or rather a terror story, than a mystery. It has a detective, in fact a couple of them; there are bloodshed and an astounding finish—and it packs enough suspense for six stories.

And now for the high spots of the year. Frankly, they are rather hard to select, because, as indicated at the end of the first quarter of 1945, the mystery story output for the year was not on an exceptionally high plane. In fact, on checking over the output for the year, it has been difficult to pick out even a dozen stories that are rememberable.

To the Judge's mind, the palm for the outstanding mystery story of the year still goes to "The Iron Gate," by Margaret Lawrence (Random House, $2.00). This is one of the several mystery stories of the year that uses the psychological gambit. It's satisfactory in every way, even to the conclusion in which the criminal goes scot-free. Or does he? There was another good one along such lines called "77 Willow Road," by Helen Douglas Irvine (Dodd Mead and Co., $2.00)—the story of a house, its sinister occupants, and a left-handed murder that is in a sense never solved. There is a murder, too, in "Methinks the Lady," by Guy Endore (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50). But *that* story is much more of an expedition into the cloacal depths of abnormal psychology than anything else —and boy, is it an expedition!

One thing the year did turn up, and that was three swell anthologies: An omnibus of Father Brown stories, by Gilbert Chesterton (Dodd Mead & Co.); the Portable Murder Book, collected and edited by Joseph Henry Jackson (Viking Press), a fine collection of true stories of murder by various hands, American and foreign, and "Rogues' Gallery," a plentiful selection of true stories of murder by vari-Queen, one of those collections that is an absolute must for the guest-room table. And in that connection, if the reader is interested in regional crime, the sequence of killings in "Chicago Murders," edited by Sewell Peaslee Wright, is first-class (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50).

Looking back, with a certain amount of perspective, at the rest of the list, the stories that still ring a bell are: "Died in the Wool," by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown); "Too Many Suspects," by John Rhode (Dodd, Mead); "The Murderer Is a Fox," by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown); "Lay That Pistol Down," by Richard Powell (Simon & Schuster), perhaps the merriest mystery of the year; "Out of Control," by Bayard Kendrick (Morrow); and "Rumor Hath It," by Christopher Hale (Crime Club). Checking over the psychological list again, one finds that there was another excellent job along those lines—"You'll Be Sorry," by Samuel Rogers (Harper's).

The psychological trend was the only noteworthy development of the year. Whether it means anything or not is rather difficult to say. Otherwise, the crimes of 1945 were, as usual, done by bludgeon, poison, snickersnee, and the other regular devices. Production for the year was lighter than in 1944—for obvious reasons. It wasn't too good a year, but finding out that fact was pretty good fun.

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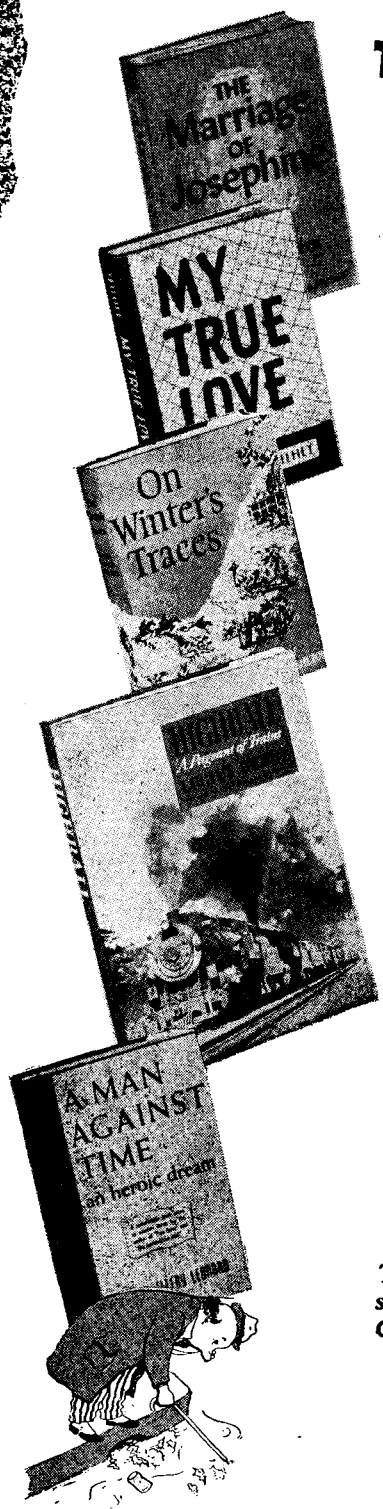

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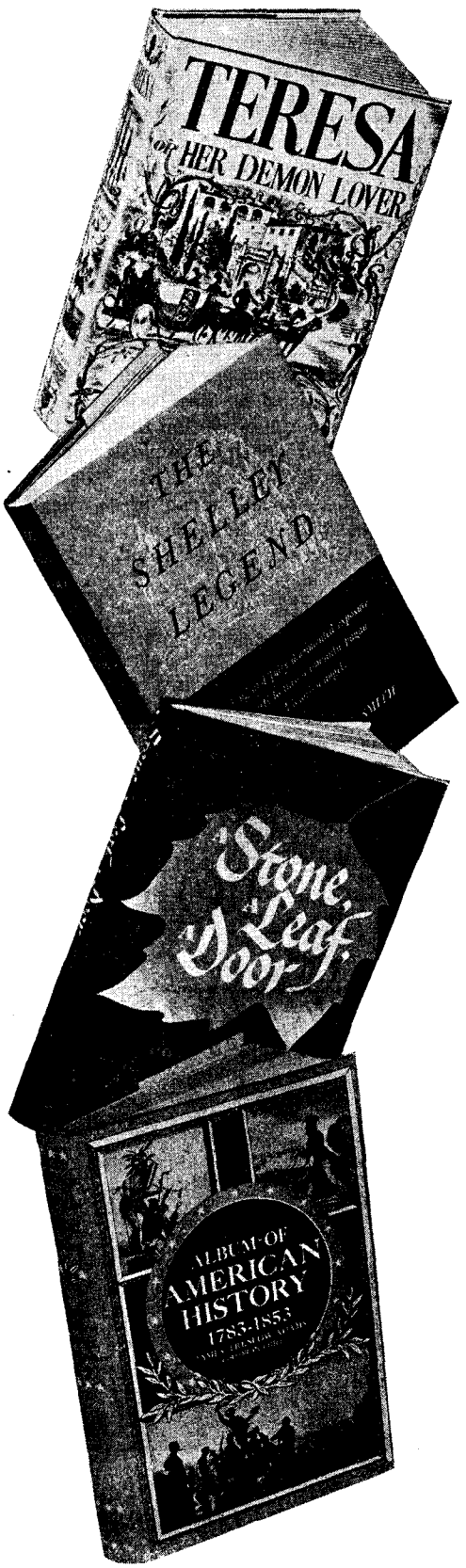

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"... Endure the Toothache Patiently"

PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICAN EDUCATION: ITS TASKS AND OPPORTUNITIES. By Brand Blanshard, Curt J. Ducasse, Charles W. Hendel, Arthur E. Murphy, Max C. Otto. New York: Harper & Bros. 1945. *xiii* + 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

I DO not share many of the opinions expressed in this book, but I have had much pleasure from reading it. First, for the style of it. Although beside the sinuous clarity and wit of Brand Blanshard, the homely yet high eloquence of Max Otto, Curt Ducasse, and Charles Hendel seem pedestrian and Arthur Murphy seems ministerial, not one commits a phrase that need give pause to a radio announcer or even a college fraternity brother. The book of itself refutes the common notion the philosophers must, in writing, employ an occupational argot instead of a viable English. These, at least, can express themselves frankly and clearly and beautifully when they have a mind to.

And with the happy style goes a gratifying good temper. The five writers are of as many philosophic persuasions. None sees man or nature or man's life and destiny eye to eye with the others. All bespeak a common faith in free inquiry and express their diversities with mutual respect and understanding (perhaps some would say mutual respect and misunderstanding). This is a rarer thing than it need be in philosophic writing, which too often cultivates disputatiousness and calls it reason.

Finally, if the things the five agree and disagree about are not exactly news, the grounds they have provided for their assents and dissents are. They are such as Dr. Gallup would establish, uncontaminated by his quantitative techniques. Appointed, a couple of years ago, members of a Commission on the Function of Philosophy in Liberal Education, with a sum of Rockefeller money to spend, the five went up and down in the land and to and fro in it, seeking light and leading not alone from their professional peers, but also from all sorts and conditions of men. Among those not consulted there stand out only trade-unionists and actual college students. The result, in this pleasurable hierarchy of essays, suggests that philosophers can take everything philosophically but philosophy. It puts me in mind of both Shelley's "Defense of Poetry" and of Peacock's interpretation that invoked it. For this book is a defense of philosophy by philosophers and to that extent the argument of a foregone conclusion. However far apart the five may be on matters philosophic, they stand united upon the importance of their discipline to American education and the world's salvation. The time is out of joint, they may be construed as saying, O not unhappy plight that we may guide mankind to set it right!

Herein is a transposition of the bold claim, dating from Plato, of infallible saving power for philosophy into something more sober and tentative. It is a transposition one expects from instrumentalists, but surprising in rationalists. Perhaps the cause is the climate of opinion (social, not academic) wherein the sciences now rival revealed religion as modulators of the pretensions of pagan Platonism to a more handmaidenly modesty; perhaps the cause lies in the encounters of our philosophic pilgrims on their pilgrimage. True, F. H. Bradley had described the philosopher's enterprise as the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct, and Bertrand Russell had called it an unusually ingenious attempt to think fallaciously; but those Englishmen were not concerned to vindicate their discipline to public opinion or to the more momentous judgments of college deans and presidents deciding upon departmental budgets in the light of elections and enrolments. But to some eight hundred teachers of philosophy in the land's fanes of higher education, the latter can hardly be no matter. Their discipline, hence, must be exonerated of the charges against it and justified in the claims for it. If the academic young do not take to philosophy spontaneously and naturally, "adversity's sweet milk" though it be, they shall take it as duty and necessity. Like spinach, it is good for them and they are sure to learn to like it.

Good, why? Good, how?—when its professors are withdrawn from the workaday world into ivory towers, where they deal in needless obscurities, cultivate "solemn trifles" in a babel of disagreements, and when they touch the tender mind of youth, touch it only to rob it of its ancestral faith and put nothing in its place! Yes, good, the book would persuade us, even with these blames which but take an episode for an act, an individual for a profession, a contingent quality for an essential nature. Let the reproaches that people level at philosophy be what you like, few of them seem to believe that mankind can or will do without it. The world we live in (whatever philosophers may devise about the world we die into) was not made for us, and our

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He came to the United States in 1960

HE WAS a roving correspondent of *The Times* of London and he brought his portable typewriter - along with his umbrella and his bowler hat - to see what he might see of this land of ours . . . The Great War was fifteen years past and there had been amazing transformation in the U.S.A. Nowhere more so than in the field of transport, particularly rail transport.

It was to this that Darwin R. Kenton of *The Times* of London devoted himself. He became well acquainted with the man who had accomplished the impossible - who had nationalized the railroads of the United States, without sacrificing either free enterprise or private ownership . . . who had simplified the rail structure of the nation . . . had achieved vast economies and still rendered the U.S.A. the finest rail service that it had known in its entire history . . . and who had captured the imagination of railroad labor and brought it to fullest effectiveness in the picture.

Particularly interested was Kenton in dropping in one July afternoon to the old Pennsylvania Station in New York, and seeing two trains standing on opposite sides of the same long "quay." One bore the sign "*Panama*" and the other "*Alaska.*" Eight through transcontinental expresses were leaving New York each day for these points and points in between the west coast . . . New York to San Francisco 50 hours without change was a thing accomplished - New York to Chicago, now but 327 miles away - 12 hours in easy running.

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A Railroad for Tomorrow

by Edward Hungerford

Kalmbach Publishing Co.

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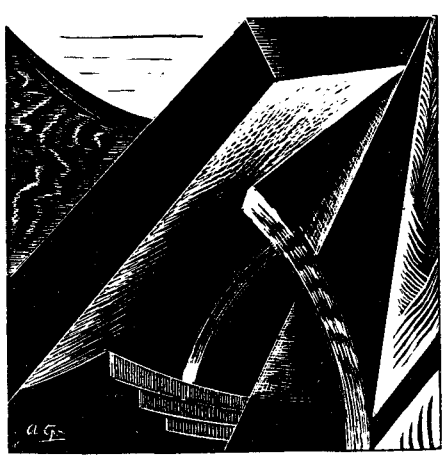
remakings have only multiplied its perplexities and diversified its evils.

Does not our genteel Cassandra of the newspaper columns, Mr. Walter Lippmann, admonish us that Americans lack a common faith, common intellectual discipline, common principles, knowledge, morals? Do they not exalt vocation over culture and mechanical division of labor and specialization over human all-roundness and workmanship? Do not their schools and colleges but serve to pass this growing multiplicity and disunity on to the college-bred, whence our already-cited Cassandra of the columns deplores, "While we insist that every one must be educated, yet there is nothing in particular that an educated man must know." And is not this condition of things (as, one should add, it has ever and everywhere been) the opportunity of philosophy? For what is the vocation, the "originality," of philosophy, if it be not to integrate and to unify, to bring back and to hold in a common center of



vision and worth the world's centrifugal miscellany of thoughts and things?

And how does philosophy answer its vocation? Most of the five, if I understand them, hold it to do so by somehow detaching itself, by lifting itself above all life's battles and thus seeing it truly and seeing it whole, in a vision which reconciles freedom and faith, reason and authority. They affirm the agency of the lift (elevator to you) to be "reflective thinking," "free rational inquiry," "the loom of logic, not time," weaving and reaching to the universal and eternal ultimates of existence.

However, I did encounter what I believe to be a genuine variation upon the ancient image of philosophy as the integrator and unifier in the human enterprise. It occurs in Max Otto's essay on Professional Philosophy and the Public. In his view philosophy is wisdom far more than vision; it works within the battle and not above it; it works as the "technique of creative bargaining"; it is a "social fine art." Its unifications and integrations come to be whenever interests that are different and in conflict with one another seek a way of living together, and the way takes form as a new interest embracing without destroying those of whose give and take it is born.

THE NATURE of philosophy being established, its tasks and opportunities in American education follow as night the day. They are, to supply, either as an autonomous discipline or as an ancillary unified of other disciplines, the *liberating* differential in a course of instruction. Exalted above all subject-matters as the unifying, integrating perspective of them all, or working within and through them to harmonize each with the others, philosophy would thus supply the lacks of which the minatory Lippmann warns, and liberate its students from blind impulses and intellectual darkness. To this end Messrs. Blanshard, Decasse, Hendel, and Murphy give four apt and interesting chapters, of the twelve of this book, placing philosophy in a college curriculum, including a run for Ph.D.'s.

As a professor of philosophy who dares claim at least a coupçon of the philosopher in his soul, I ought to be satisfied. But I find that I am not. My final reaction to this charming, clear, often witty and eloquent five-fronted defense of philosophy in American educations is, So what? Too much of it seems to me a rehearsal of certain current prejudices concerning education in America, too much an ignoring of what is positively the American idea. Although there has never yet been an objective and candid comparison of the workings and results of the elective system with those of the curricula it has displaced and the curricula which have displaced it, let us assume that the dubious strictures against it are justified. Let us assume that the hoary pedantries and traditional specialisms of the "humanities" are somehow more conducive to integration than the new specialisms and untraditional precisions of the natural sciences for which the elective system brought opportunity. Let us assume, despite the investigations showing that the natural sciences receive twenty per cent or less of the teaching budgets of American colleges, that they have somehow attained the crippling dominance which is charged to them. Let us assume that curriculum-makers can infallibly overrule the provincial by the universal and the trivial by the momentous in the course of study they lay out for the academic neophyte. As President Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence College remarked in his recent inaugural address, it still does not follow that the "integration" of a curriculum is the "integration" of a student. It follows even less that the

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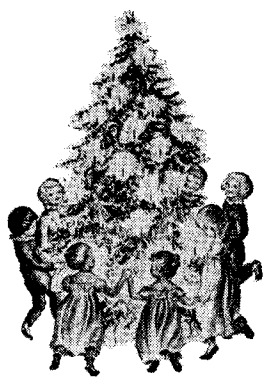

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interests of the teachers are the necessities of the pupils.

In education, the teacher-pupil relations are the causal relations. If teaching (a thing one person does for or to another) facilitates learning (a thing which, like eating, everyone must do for himself and none can do for another), it is because of this relation. Where this is what it should be, any subject, even Latin prosody or Greek grammar, can take on a positive, dynamic relevance to the drives and personality of the student. Where the relation is traditional, the course of study is but the unpleasant price which the college man pays for the delights of collegiate existence, and a large part of his strategy of creative bargaining becomes to get the most for the least. On the record, this was conspicuously the case before the elective system, when "liberal" education, with or without philosophy, was a technique of intellectual oppression, not liberation.

NOR has it altered much since. Even this generous and noble book gives central importance to the training and development of the teacher (see especially Charles Hendel on "The Teacher of Philosophy and the Graduate School") and what he is to teach, but is very casual about the actual nature and needs of the pupil and what his nature *seeks* to learn. The fact seems to me to imply a pitiful irrelevancy. There comes to mind the familiar observation from "Much Ado About Nothing": "For there was never yet philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently, however they have writ the style of the gods and make a push at chance and sufferance." Perhaps the toothache is too trivial for

Fraser Young's
Literary Crypt: No. 128

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 128 will be found in the next issue.

—FOP GTHIANP HU TOABGF.

BG TMVVPS M FHIABGF.

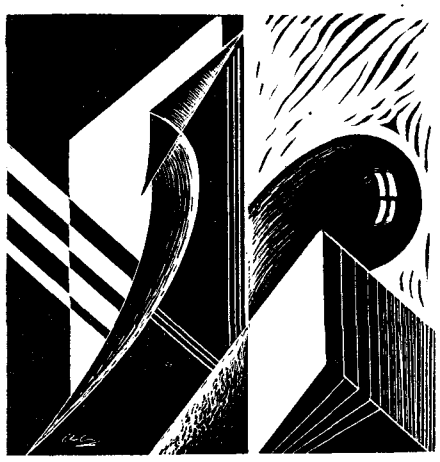
—FOP GTHIANP HU TOABGF.

—YMIV ABTOMAS.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 127

TIME COOLS, TIME CLARIFIES; NO MOOD CAN BE MAINTAINED QUITE UNALTERED THROUGH THE COURSE OF HOURS.

—THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN.
—THOMAS MANN.



liberal education; perhaps it signalizes the felt but unacknowledged predicament of the academic pretension, especially of the pretension of the philosophy teacher claiming for his subject salvational power.

Perhaps, too, it is a consequence of this predicament that writers who have with such pains set down clear and dis- "education" should have not a word of definition for "American." So far as concerns their argument, "American" seems hardly more than an adjective of location for collegiate establishments where philosophy is taught, establishments which are, on the whole and in the long run, collegiate failures. Yet conceivably "American" education might be, not merely education in America, but a function of a way of living and thinking, of a body of beliefs and a corpus of practices which would distinguish it from French or English or Russian education or any other. Conceivably, there would be, between the American idea and the tinct definitions of "philosophy" and of American school, some demonstrable relation which would show in the character and the conduct of Americans, especially during a crisis.

Now the American people have lived through more than a decade of crisis: a crisis of "faith and morals" tested by depression, subversion, and war. Consider the initiatives which these tests evoked—the unbloody turns in new directions such as the T. V. A., the precedent-breaking reelections of a President, the last held in a situation where no other democracy would dare such a test of the national idea. Consider how Americans, the sons and daughters of the miscellany of the world educated in American schools and colleges, mobilized for labor in field and factory and for battle on land, in the air, upon the sea and under it, and how they worked and fought out victory. Consider that their association, preserving and protecting even as it enchannels their diversities, is not an integration but an orchestration, not a unity but a union, that there is nothing totalitarian about it. Consider that the country they work and fight for, its national faith, its institutions, its schools and colleges are all in some wise growths along a gradient of a federal one-in-many which is the American idea. Consider that all this is today the envy, the fear, and the hope of the world.

Then, holding in mind this quality of the American being, would it be unreasonable to infer that if education in America is as bad as its critics say it is, Americans are either unaffected by their education or successfully survive it; that if, on the other hand, the American school *has* been an influence and power in American life, and has shaped Americans, however lamely, to the American idea, then American education cannot have been as bad as its critics say it is. The very qualities for which they denounce it may be its virtue in the making of free men.

And if this is the case with education, how can it not be with philosophy? I do not think that I am merely pleading for my own house when I say that of all discourse, philosophy is the most natural and most generous which youth falls into in its congregations by day and its bull-sessions by night. Could but the classroom find a way to nourish and refine what there grows! But to the everyday heart of everyday youth the classroom shuts out and cuts off.

The Truth

By Hortense Roberta Roberts

WHAT is the truth,
This secret made of molecule and wind
And thinned
With rain and strengthened with tough roots and stone,
And bone
Of age and youth,
Of death and birth,
This proud form shaken through with grief and mirth?

What is this truth
Whose color is as changing as the hour
And varied as men's sight?
How shall I see him right
Whose cloud-crossed face is taller than a tower,
Whose power
Runs like a current through the insentient earth,
Whose shadow hides a rapier or a flower?

Though I move forward cautiously and slow
How shall I know?
Unsure and trembling now I stand
With truth, invisible, burning in my hand.

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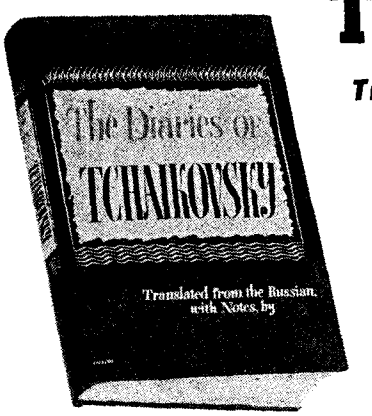

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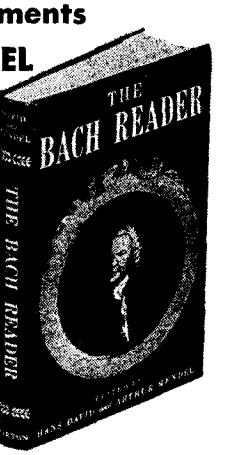

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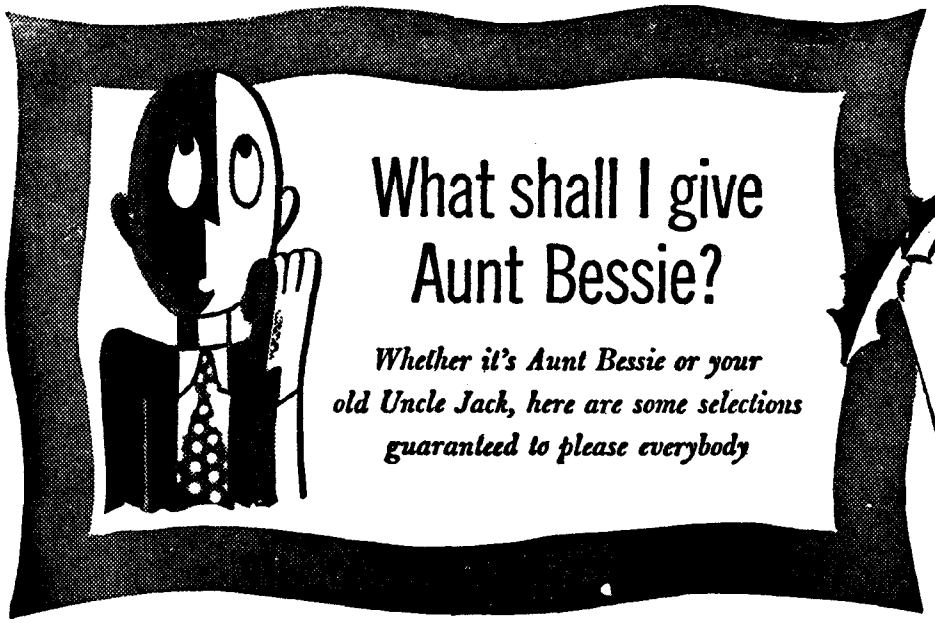

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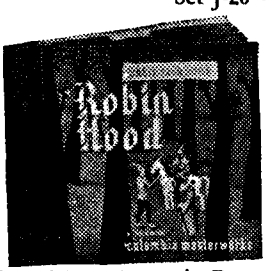

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The Records — Past, Present, and Future

ASHLEY PETTIS

The Past

MY EARLIEST recollection of phonograph records dates from about the year 1900. When we youngsters of that period wanted to enjoy an evening of thrills, we did not go to the movies or even to the nickelodeon. They were not yet in existence. It was very simple. We merely stayed at home and put on an Edison cylindrical record guaranteed to be a *bona fide* reproduction of the outcries, unrehearsed soliloquy, and tortured monologue of John McCullough, a famous American actor who had recently become demented. This recording, entitled "The Ravings of John McCullough," was declared to be accurate in every respect and to be an exact recital, by one W. F. Hooley, of John McCullough's words and declamation after Hooley had listened to that poor soul in a madhouse. This is not the modern version of a "good-night story," but it was so replete with the desired thrills that we children were sure to go to bed and continue the agony in our dreams.

When I mentioned this earliest recollection of phonograph recordings to Lester Halper, of Decca Records, seeing me for the first time, he naturally viewed me with suspicion and left the room. In a few minutes he returned with a collection of old phonograph catalogues which are a treasured section of the Decca archives. A search through these vindicated me completely, for the record was listed in the Edison Catalogue for the year 1900—No. 3825!

However, the first words emanating from a phonograph record were far more innocuous. The Edison Catalogue of 1900, issued when the record business was in full swing, refers to the momentous occasion upon which the initial words were spoken into a recording machine, in the year 1877, and an astonished world had the historic privilege of hearing Mr. Edison's voice come forth reciting "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

While there was no suggestion of the solemnity and significance of an epoch-making event in the choice of words for the first recording, as there was in the first words sent over the telephone by Morse, the potentialities of the new invention were not long in being realized.

By the year 1900, the phonograph, a realization of many ancient myths, including the "Singing Statue of Egypt, Memnon, the speaking head of Orpheus, and other ancient mysteries," already listed important addresses by William McKinley, William Jennings Bryan, and Theodore Roosevelt. To make a more general appeal there were, in addition to these and the aforementioned "Ravings," records of "Hebrew Dialect," "Irish Brogue," "Dutch Philosophy," "Yankee Drollery with Uncle Josh," "Original Stories," and a generous number of popular songs, ballads, and violin pieces. "Name" bands, great orchestras and leaders, as well as artists of finest rank, were conspicuously absent.

The Present

PHONOGRAPH records are just emerging from the most difficult period in the history of the business. I say "emerging" advisedly, because conditions are far from normal, after years of wartime restrictions upon materials, plus labor troubles too well known to recount here, which seriously restricted the output of records.

Today's most important development unquestionably is RCA Victor's unbreakable, high-fidelity plastic record. While "unbreakable" records have long been used by recording companies for master records, this is the first time that scientific research, conducted over a period of many years, has resulted in developing an indestructible record for practical purposes and for general use. The first new recording to be issued in the red, translucent, unbreakable, and flexible disk is a magnificent playing of Richard Strauss's tone-poem "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by Serge Koussevitzky.

The reason for the choice of a composition by Richard Strauss for an initial recording of historic significance is not very clear, unless it was selected to demonstrate that the overwhelming tonal demands of the Strauss orchestration could be coped with more adequately in this smoother surface, "high-fidelity" recording. If this be the reason, the point has been made. However, there are still some of us who have not forgotten Strauss's ardent Nazi sympathies and affiliations, nor the fact that the highest performance fees ever demanded by a creative musician continued to accrue to the benefit of Strauss throughout the war from performances in America.

However that may be, Strauss is scarcely my idea of an indispensable composer, no matter how preeminent he may be in the field of orchestral virtuosity of the "bigger and better" Teutonic variety, so beloved by virtuoso-conductors.

Inasmuch as recent recordings, since the lifting of the ban already mentioned, have been so greatly limited, new pressings of old records, as well as some old records as long as they are available must be considered in any resume of today's discs. They all constitute the market at the end of 1945, if you can procure them. It is a case of "seek and ye shall find."

Two of the most interesting present-day aspects of recorded material are the literary and the historical, documentary records. They constitute a continuation and an amplification of the phonograph's oldest tradition: the spoken word. While the record section of the Library of Congress has the most complete collection of such recordings, I found an astonishing assortment in a small record shop in New York's West 46th Street. These included "The Harvard University Phonograph" and "Harvard Vocarium Records," comprising "chapters from the Book of Revelations," read by Professor Charles Townsend Copeland; and original poems, recited by poets Oliver St. John Gogarty, Robert Hillyer, Theodore Spencer, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, and John Holmes. Of particular interest was "The Voice of the Negro" in Langston Hughes's recitation of his own poems in an Asch Album, and Asch also has remarkably engrossing, original readings by Alfred Kreymborg. The preservation of the voices of poets in authentic interpretations of their own works would seem to be one of the more important functions of phonograph recording. And while De Quincey once remarked that poets read their own poems "either with too great passion,

(*Continued on page 70*)

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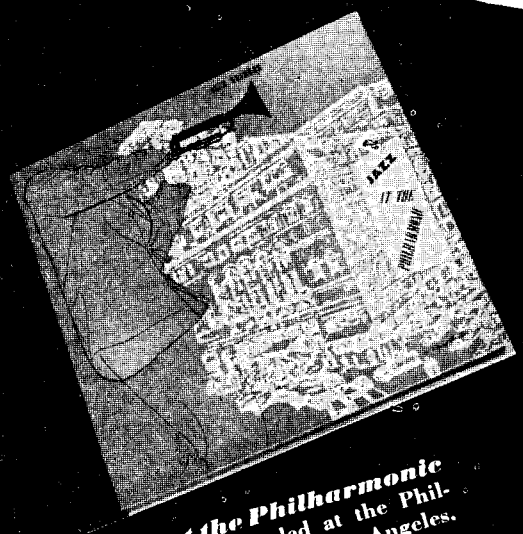

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RECORDS—Past, Present *and* Future

(*Continued from page 67*)

or without any passion at all," these readings, for the greater part, realize the full import of their subject matter, naturally and easily. This is particularly true in the case of Langston Hughes. But perhaps passion is not the outstanding characteristic of today's poetry.

The historical recordings are far more numerous, as well as significant. In these the greatest moments in history will live for all time. Their value in the classroom, as a source of reference, or for enjoyment of living drama at any appropriate time cannot be exaggerated. Some of the most important of these I found in Album 100 of the Historical Recordings Co., which includes momentous speeches by Winston Churchill, President Truman (Victory in Europe Proclamation, May 8, 1945), Franklin D. Roosevelt, Admiral King, Field Marshall Sir

Bernard Montgomery, General Eisenhower, and General MacArthur.

Another series of great historic import is the Asch album entitled "The Liberation of Paris," a thrilling "Radiomontage, conceived and edited by Pierre Schaeffer, acting Chief of the Paris Underground Radio Station at the time of the liberation." This historical document was recorded in Paris in French and English, with speeches by General Charles de Gaulle and General Eisenhower, and with commentary by Orson Welles and Emlen Etting.

Such documentary recordings are by no means confined to the smaller, but important, recording companies. RCA Victor has delved into the recorded archives of the past and reissued, in an album entitled "Cavalcade of the United States Presidents (1901-1940)," speeches by Presidents Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Franklin D. Roosevelt. And following these authentic, recorded, great historical occasions, one should not forget Norman Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph," issued by Columbia in album form. This is a repetition of a CBS broadcast commemorating V-E Day which for social significance, drama, and highly moving eloquence is unique in recording history. The rhythm, excitement, and tremendous implications of one of the world's greatest moments are here recorded, to preserve for all time, in revealing and eloquent drama, the fundamental meanings and implications of a turning point in history.

The interpreted drama is well represented in Columbia's recording of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," with Orson Welles, and Victor's album of "Othello," with Paul Robeson. A recording of less monumental importance, but one which will arouse many heartwarming memories and make them live again with the illusion of reality, is a Decca album of more than seasonal interest, entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," by Charles Dickens, as told by Charles Laughton, with an original accompaniment composed and conducted by Hanns Eisler. To hear Laughton in "Xmas Eve at Mr. Wardle's," and as Mr. Samuel Weller ("spell it with a We"), The Fat Boy, Mr. Wardle, Mr. Winkle, etc., will warm the cockles of your heart. And Eisler has added music which functions as music should when used for background—unobtrusively, adding pace, rhythm, subtle and appropriate color, and nuance at the rightly-timed moment.

Decca goes in quite extensively for this sort of revival of classics, as well as modern tales, in which the spirit of fantasy reigns supreme, including Oscar Wilde's "The Selfish Giant," with effective music by Lehman Engel, dramatized by Arthur Kurlan, with Fredric March and a supporting cast. Louis Untermeyer writes of "The Selfish Giant": "And so Oscar Wilde discards his affected pose, drops his shield of dazzling cleverness, and stands before us as a teller of a fairy tale which is more than a fantasy. It is a legend of cruelty turned into kindness; it reveals the poignance—and the redeeming power—of eternal love."

Only a catalogue could do justice to Decca's literary records which have caught and preserved the spirit of fantasy. They range from Cinderella to a reading by Orson Welles of "The Song of Songs" (which is Solomon's). And their Americana, with Burl Ives, Josh White, *et al.*, is worthy of more than the passing mention I must give.

This year's new releases of serious seasonal music seem to be confined to Sonora's Album of Christmas Carols, in twelve records, by the Sonora Choristers, conducted by Eugene Mott, sung with freshness and appropriate spirit in excellent recordings. However, RCA Victor has a new pressing of a last year's release of Christmas

(*Continued on page 76*)

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THE ATOMIC AGE

(*Continued from page 24*)

The first process, production of U-235, involved the very difficult separation of U-235 from U-238. As I previously said, the U-235 is present to the extent of only 0.7 per cent in natural uranium, and possesses chemical properties identical to those of U-238, the major isotope. The small difference in mass of the two isotopes can be utilized to effect separation in several ways. The problem is extremely difficult, involving many engineering problems never before encountered.

The second process, the production of plutonium, is even more involved than the first, since it has to do with the energy-from-mass reaction accompanying the fission of U-235. A device known as a pile, consisting of a lattice of natural uranium metal in graphite, is the heart of this process. In this revolutionary apparatus, fission of U-235 takes place at a controlled rate, producing energy, at present not utilized, and by a reaction of the neutrons released in fission on U-238, the new element plutonium is formed. This can be separated by chemical methods from the uranium in which it is formed, and constitutes our second source of concentrated atomic power. The great radioactivity of the fission fragments produced in this process introduces considerable difficulty in that all operations must be carried out by remote control in concrete cells, as a protection for the workers.

The principal sources of uranium in North America have been the pitchblende deposits of Canada, and the carnotite deposits of Colorado. Several other important deposits are known in the world, such as those in the Belgian Congo and Bohemia. Further sources are being sought, and doubtless exist. Even if we controlled all the present sources of uranium, there is no indication that the new science is confined to this one substance. In fact, we now believe that the energy of the sun is derived from a mass annihilation reaction involving carbon and hydrogen, although this reaction is at present not obtainable on earth.

The bomb itself, the outward evidence of the years of effort, uses the fishion of U-235 or plutonium as its source of energy. As I said, a small fraction of the mass of these materials is converted into energy when fission takes place. The fission act is initiated by a neutron and in occurring gives rise to one to three more neutrons which can go on to produce more fissions. Thus one fission can produce several, and each of these several more in a branching chain. These atomic catastrophes can happen repeatedly in a few millionths of a second with the release of amounts of energy utterly beyond our previous experience. The reaction can be set off by stray neutrons which are always present as a result of the ever-present cosmic rays. The reaction can proceed only if an amount of material above a certain "critical size" is present. Below this size the neutrons are lost from the bomb faster than they produce more fissions. Above this size, they cause fissions rather than being lost to the surroundings, and the reaction multiplies itself rapidly. The practical results are now recorded in history. We hope they are past history.

The atomic bomb was the major wartime objective of the project, and we are all proud to have been able to contribute to our country's needs. The project has forced developments which under peacetime conditions would still be far in the future, and while our major objective was sharply defined, we have seen and have begun to develop many lines of work which will benefit a world at peace. Some of these will aid almost every phase of industry and human welfare. The power with which we blasted Hiroshima has every likelihood of being adapted to furnish our everyday needs. The chemistry and physics we have learned will help solve many problems of science and industry.

It would seem as though we have a rosy future to look forward to, with a new and wonderful power in our grasp. But many of us are apprehensive about the future. Why? Because we have seen science take what may be its greatest step forward, while human relations seem to show little sign of change. Science has crossed the dividing line from using second-hand energy stored in the material world, to the creation of energy from the matter of the universe.

It seems to many of us that the tremendous power of this new weapon calls for a radical departure in human relations. If the present international barriers continue to exist, the weapon will become the center of a new armament race. Aside from the obvious danger of such a course, we would be spending our efforts to better our weapons of destruction, rather than exploiting the peacetime applications of the new science. It is useless to talk about outlawing the atomic bomb, especially since we have already demonstrated our policy in that matter.

Whenever men are faced by an important problem, attempts are made to sidestep the issue by claims that the magnitude of the problem is overstated, that the problem is not new, or that it is solvable by present practices. I have tried to indicate how the magnitude of this problem far exceeds all previous experience, and how it is fundamentally different. How can we hope to solve so large a problem as the future of atomic power with methods which have failed with our now outmoded weapons and powers?

We must face the facts. We are temporarily sole possessors of a terrible weapon. There is no insurmountable barrier to the acquisition of this weapon by other powers—in fact, in the present state of the world they will most certainly make every effort in that direction. The best proposal for defense against the new weapon is complete decentralization of our industries and government, and this is a measure of desperation. On the other hand, we are in a unique position to demonstrate unequivocally our renunciation of militarism. We can and should use our present power to effect the creation of a strong world organization charged with the control of this and other weapons of war. Such an organization should have free access to armament or potential armament plants and to technical information in all countries. Its creation would mean some loss of sovereignty in the sense of a loss of privacy and of the opportunity to prepare for war. No sane person could object to such a price for such a purchase in security. I think the people of the world are waiting for our country to take the lead in this direction. We cannot go on as we have, in suspicion and competition, or we face the destruction of civilization. This country has an unprecedented opportunity to lead social science in a change as profound as that which physical science has seen in the past few years. I hope we shall accept that leadership.

RUSSELL R. WILLIAMS.

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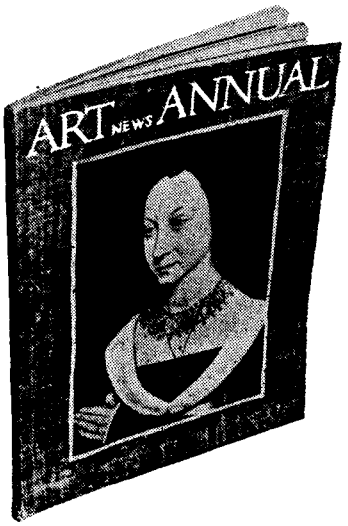

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Evil Versus Beauty and Goodness

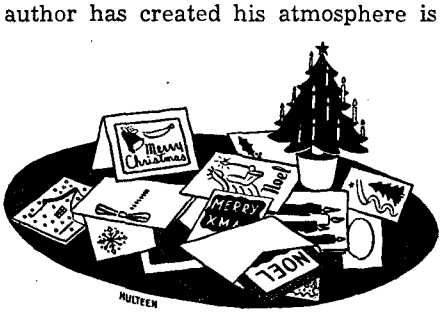
THE DWARF. By Pär Lagerkvist. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1945. 228 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

LIKE MOST Swedish writers of our day Pär Lagerkvist entered the literary scene with expressionistic poems. But as playwright and novelist he later joined the neo-romantic school of Stockholm authors. His recent election to a place among the Eighteen Immortals of the Swedish Academy bestowed on him the nation's highest literary award. We are pleased to make his acquaintance in the English language although one might wonder why the publishers have chosen to introduce him to this country. "The Dwarf," a study in degeneration marked by sure psychological insight but hardly conveying the author's full measure of breath and vitality.

We know that the dwarfs at the Italian courts of the Renaissance were buffoons. Not so is Pär Lagerkvist's hero who tells here of his life, his sufferings and his hopes in the form of a diary against a background of war and passions, murder and plague, love and treachery. He is a symbol of the evil which through the ages has tried to destroy beauty and goodness in this world. Pär Lagerkvist's dwarf hates all men. "I have nothing against belonging to a different race from the present one," he writes, "and showing it on my person." He adores his master, the Prince, but he hates him too. He thinks he is part of the Prince and "represents his noble person"—always when his master's evil spirit has the uppermost. He no less hates the lascivious mode of life of the Prince's wife, Theodora, though serving her too with loyalty, and he poisons Don Riccardo, the Princess's lover, at an opulent banquet as coolly as he strangled the dwarf Jehoshaphat so that he could be the only dwarf at the court.

"The Dwarf" is written by a realist of pessimistic outlook and blends together tragedy, high comedy, and farce. The subtlety with which the author has created his atmosphere is admirable. His style, colorful and lucid, reminds one of the historical works of Strindberg and Lagerlöf. The story itself holds you by the sheer beauty of the telling. But unfortunately we have here rather a long short story than a short novel; we hardly learn enough about the hero to understand this misshapen creature's bitterness, and when we leave him all we know is that he is thrown into a dungeon by his Prince. "I sit here in my chains and the days go by and nothing ever happens!" Perhaps Pär Lagerkvist wanted no more than to prophesy in an allegory the continuous resurrection of evil when he ends the story "If I know anything of my lord he cannot spare his dwarf for long. I reflect on the day when they will come and loosen my chains, because he has sent for me again." Yes, indeed, his lord has sent for his dwarf many, many times since the days of the Renaissance. And we hope the reader will not overlook the symbolic comparison of those times and ours—if this reviewer is not mistaken in thus interpreting the author's choice of the story's background.



Wanderer's Return

THE FAR AWAY MUSIC. By Arthur Meeker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1945. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

I FEEL that Mr. Meeker has bogged his book down in local color. It is about Jonathan Triggs, who returns to his family of wife and daughters after a fling at adventure in the West. His attempts to readjust himself once more to the city manners and civilized niceties prized so highly by his good wife form the only observable situation in the novel. But even this is lost sight of in the welter of trivial data that Mr. Meeker has amassed with loving care and set before us: the frills and laces, the new pianofortes and nostalgic ballads, the food and the parties and the patterns of speech. The pages seem forever filled with the prissy chattering of women. Poor Mr. Trigg is enmeshed in this woman's world, and we share his irritation, a result not intended, I think, by the writer. So far as verisimilitude is concerned, there is some question there too. It would be hard to apply Carl Sandburg's phrases to Mr. Meeker's nostalgically pretty picture of Chicago in the '50's.

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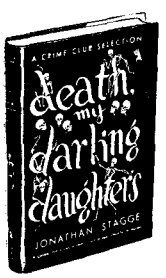
Clues from the CRIME CLUB

IT MUST be a great temptation for the creator of a phenomenally successful fictional detective to bring forth a new sleuth. The real sentimentalists, we suspect, are the readers. When they have come to know a character so well that his name comes to mind almost before that of his originator, that's the character they want, to put it simply, and that's the character your wise mystery writer will give them.

At any rate, we're happy to report that Jonathan Stagge's return to the mystery field, after too long a silence, means the return of Dr. Westlake and the adolescent apple of his eye—his daughter, Dawn.



The scene of **DEATH, MY DARLING DAUGHTERS** is Kenmore Valley, New England, where high thinking and plain living had produced the Hilton family — as genteel a clan as ever nourished a repression to Freud-size proportions. They lived in a "stuffy, respectable hell . . . trapped in a suffocating tradition . . . with no escape from the trap but murder." Superficially, there was nothing stuffy about Mrs. Lanchester, perennial beauty who brings all men to her feet, while disdaining any overture even faintly earthy. Dr. Westlake comes to see her for what she is, in spite of her almost narcotic charms, when he meets her inwardly seething daughters, Rosalind and Perdita, who are banished to the music room when they become so crude as to grow up.

Into this kind of Late-George-Apley setting comes a murderer who begins with "Nanny," domineering old housekeeper, and ends—several deaths later with some of the almighty Hiltons. The poisoner's tactless project coincides with a secret meeting of some of the clan who are working on a medical discovery of world-wide importance. Since they spoke only to God about things even pleasant, it was to be expected that the Hiltons would display an even nicer reticence when it came to letting some of His lowlier creatures in on their disturbance.

The power of **DEATH, MY DARLING DAUGHTERS** lies in its merciless characterization, (Lisl Stahl, refugee doctor deserves a book all to her hilarious self), and in its unusual plot. The daydreamer who became a monster is pathetically real and terrible, and "The Hiltons against the world, however crumby the Hiltons are" makes a motif as moving as it is incredible. You won't soon forget this doomed family which bowed down before the false gods of the past—to reap tragedy in the present.

The Gunman

RECORDS—Past, Present *and* Future

(*Continued from page 70*)

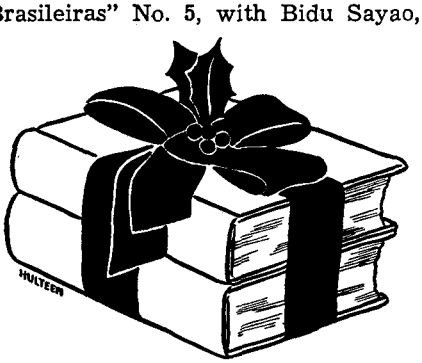
carols conducted by Bob Shaw, the white-haired boy of American choral music, who has justly created a veritable sensation with the Collegiate Chorale, which for purposes of these records becomes the "Victor" Chorale. Both series include "The First Noel," which alone is sufficient to recommend them.

In music off the beaten track, I came across the Continental Recording Albums of Bela Bartok playing his own piano works. Columbia has also recorded Bela Bartok. With that master's recent death, these authentic interpretations acquire a new importance. Continental also has some excellently recorded albums of Latin American classics, played by pianist Erno Balogh (who has also done the Bach 2 Part Inventions for Asch) and "Encores," eight well-known piano concert favorites, performed with great skill by Andor Foldes.

Columbia has enriched its output this year with a new recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, soloist, and the chorus of Westminster Choir School. Any present-day recording, because of recent improvements in surface smoothness, high fidelity, and handling of tonal mass, must supersede previous releases of masterpieces. This is especially true in this instance.

With the recent influence of the films there have been not less than three recordings of Chopin's A-Flat Polonaise by Jose Iturbi, Egon Petri, and Arthur Rubinstein respectively. Any one of these easily takes the place of the ancient, unsatisfactory Paderewski recording. But if you really want a "song to remember," even "till the end of time," choose that by Arthur Rubinstein (Victor).

Other first-rate and important recordings by Columbia are: Excerpts from "Tristan and Isolde," including "Liebestod," magnificently sung by Helen Traubel, with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, conducted by Artur Rodzinski; Villa-Lobos "directing his own Bachinas Brasileiras" No. 5, with Bidu Sayao, soprano, with eight 'celli and bass; Prokofieff's "Alexander Nevsky" cantata, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Westminster Choir, Jennie Tourel, soprano, and Ormandy conducting; Bruno Walter conducting Samuel Barber's Symphony (in one movement) with the Philharmonic Symphony of New York; Casadesus in Saint-Saens's Fourth Piano Concerto, with the same orchestra and conductor. It is not quite clear why such a superlative artist as Casadesus should be given an assignment of this nature when so many of the great concertos, notably by Mozart and Beethoven, are badly in need of replacement.



Columbia, in line with the policy of representing the American composer in as many capacities as possible, an ideal of Goddard Lieberson, chief of Columbia's Masterworks, has issued Virgil Thomson's "Five Portraits," with Thomson conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. They are superbly played and recorded, and represent the work of one of the most stimulating musical mentalities of the day. The material is never weighty. But whether saying something of great interest and importance or nothing in particular, you may depend upon him

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to say it with charm, illumined with his famed wit, not unrelated to brevity, plus imagination—and he is no mean craftsman. As I remarked once before, some day when Virgil is seeking a typical "American" composer, he may discover, to his astonishment, as did O. Henry's famous "Man About Town," that it is himself.

Both Columbia and RCA Victor have come out with excerpts for Moussorgsky's opera "Boris Godounoff," the former with Pinza, in Italian, with the Metropolitan Opera chorus and orchestra; the latter with Kipnis, in Russian, the Victor Chorale directed by Bob Shaw, and an orchestra directed by Nicolai Berezowsky. Both have great effectiveness and points of interest, varying as do the capacities of the participants, although neither principal attains the greatness of Chaliapin as Boris. The Russian version is of course the more authentic and possesses the added interest of Bob Shaw's remarkable choral direction.

Other notable RCA Victor recordings of recent date include Arthur Rubinstein's properly impassioned reading of Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, in which I do not recall ever having heard such power in piano playing emerge from the recording with equal clarity; and Sir Thomas Beecham's truly graceful and charming direction of Schubert's delightful Sixth Symphony, with the London Philharmonic. This little-known work may well be prescribed for those who wish genuine musical pleasure without becoming surfeited with the tonal mass effects so beloved of modern orchestras and most conductors. The new Victor release of Brahms's Third Symphony, directed by Koussevitzky with the Boston Symphony, easily takes precedence over previous recordings of this work.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

IN the near future, beginning with this month, Columbia will turn to a badly needed replenishment of chamber music, primarily utilizing the superlative Budapest Quartet, beginning with the Hindemith String Quartet and Debussy's Trio Sonata.

Goddard Lieberson, the young, gifted, and aggressive head of the Masterwork Division for Columbia, is that boon to music, the practical idealist. He cannot afford to let his right hand, eminently practical, permit his left hand, idealistically inclined, to interfere. From a practical standpoint, with eye upon quality production and the market, he will enrich the Columbia records with the singing of such an artist as Helen Traubel, accompanied by that past-master of great *lieder*, Coenraad Bos, in unfamiliar works by Beethoven, including that master's settings of Scotch and Irish songs; Vronsky and Babin, duo-pianists, playing Debussy; Jennie Tourel, the soprano, in songs by Debussy; Joseph Szigeti, the preeminent violinist, in Prokofieff's D-Major Sonata; Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony, Kodaly's Dances from "Galanta" and Leo Weiner's Divertimento on Hungarian Dances, conducted by Fritz Reiner; Mahler's Fourth Symphony, with the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, directed by Bruno Walther; and Milhaud's "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," with the Minneapolis Symphony, directed by Mitropolous.

As an idealist Goddard is planning for an extension of the recording of contemporary, including American, music, with the composers themselves participating in some capacity, whenever possible. So we shall shortly be able to hear Stravinsky's own conducting of his "Norwegian Moods," "Ode," and "Circus Polka," with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society; Boris Koutzen's String Quartet; "Ozark Set," by Elie Siegmeister; Henry Cowell's "How Old Is Song?", played by Szigeti with Cowell at the piano; Ives's "Concord" Sonata, played by John Kirkpatrick; and "Duo Concertante" by Stravinsky, played by Szigeti, with the composer at the piano.

RCA Victor will follow up the initial successful release of the first plastic indestructible record with a second set, four overtures by Rossini, with the NBC Orchestra, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. Also scheduled for early Victor release is a performance of Brahms's "Alto Rhapsodie," sung by Marian Anderson, with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, directed by Pierre Monteux. I was present at the recording of this work in San Francisco, and its remarkable performance should make it the standard for the Brahms masterpiece. Hindemith's Six Chansons, directed

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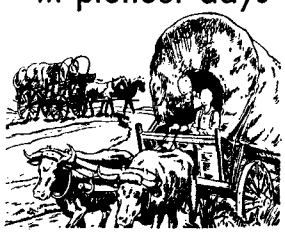

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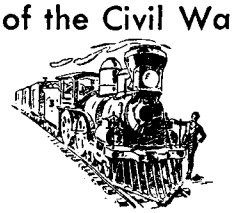

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by Bob Shaw, with the Victor Chorale, will be available in the near future; as will Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the work he first introduced to New York in the early 1920's, and in which he is without a peer. It is clear that the RCA Victor trend is towards symphonic music, with great orchestras and conductors.

Decca will shortly issue "Pericles on Democracy in the year 431 B.C.," and, following its trend towards "personalized" literary recordings, will release a set entitled "In the American Tradition," including Thomas Jefferson's "First Inaugural Address," Abraham Lincoln's "Second Inaugural Address," Woodrow Wilson's "Address to the Peace Conference," and Franklin Delano Roosevelt's "First War Address" [before Congress], all recorded by Orson Welles. While Welles has not attempted to imitate the styles and voices of the speakers, he has achieved a remarkable differentiation in his manner and technique of delivery, but, to an extraordinary degree, strictly in consonance with the diverse nature of the materials and the occasion.

Mr. Asch of Asch Records, an idealist who laments the following of commercial "trends" by recording companies, will continue to release children's stories and readings in which emphasis is placed upon social message rather than fantasy, miscellaneous recordings from the U.S.S.R., and much excellent original material, both musical and literary. But it is all too apparent that the "idealist" in metropolitan New York does not occupy the fabled ivory tower, but a dingier office building.

The Record Album-of-the-Month Club, on the principle of the Book-of-the-Month Club, will make its initial appearance, with Paul Bowles of the *New York Herald Tribune* heading a panel of musicologists which will make selections of three record albums per month, including classical, popular, and hot-jazz music.

This idea is an outgrowth of the experience of Lt. Bob Sternberg, now Impresario Sternberg, who as a PW in Stalag Luft 3 in Silesia spent most of his time listening to records his wife managed to send to him. The discs gave Lieutenant Sternberg the inspiration for a brand-new musical venture for the folks at home.

And "hot-jazz" will swing unconcernedly along its way, veering with the winds of fad and fancy. Today's hit will continue to be tomorrow's embarrassment.

But tomorrow's another day. And who cares? Isn't variety the spice of life?

"Sure, I'm in favor of one world . . . mine!"

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Touch All

By Martha Bacon

TOUCH all, the heart must touch
That which the heart loves much,
Touch flowers, and young leaves stirred
By wind or a hidden bird,
Touch snow, touch iron and flame.
Sackcloth or silk, and name
The beautiful names they bear.
Touch water, and stone, and air.
All things come to you, reach
For wisdom that they teach,
The murderer, his sick soul,
The leper, blanched and foul.
The anger in the street,
Peace, and a room made sweet
Against a longed-for coming,
Rest and no further roaming.
Touch bone and bark, touch fur.
More sweet to scent than myrrh.
Than nard or sandalwood,
The leopardess is good,
The panther, keen and black,
The serpent in his track,
The hooded shape of sin,
Jewelled and cold and thin,

Eden lost with a sigh,
Eve's tears and Adam's cry.
Touch children's hands, touch pain,
Touch fever and sun and rain.
Touch hunger and loneliness,
Brief rapture, long distress.
For the last day draws near,
Then touch, touch without fear
Stars burning, excellent earth,
All that has being or birth,
For so and only so
Shall the heart live and know
Itself the armour proof
The fierce and valiant roof
Against all storms that burst,
The little ill, the worst.
Never deny the shock.
The heart is very rock
And touching all is made
Innocent, unafraid,
The naked virtue springing
Sudden and white and singing
From barbarous seas accurst,
The last, the radiant first.
Touch all, splinter and bleed,
Touch and fulfill the need
For all things need you, heart,
Need you in every part.
So pass without infection
Brought to this high perfection,
So, so the heart shall be
Love's own, love's certainty.

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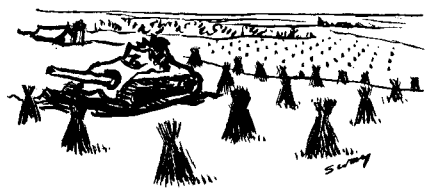
ETO Supply Service

48 *MILLION TONS TO EISENHOWER. By Lt. Col. Randolph Leigh. Washington: The Infantry Journal,* 1945. 137 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

THIS book is a recording of the highlights which illuminate the stupendous American supply effort in the European Theater of Operations. The second world war, as Field Marshal (now Viceroy of India) Wavell has pointed out, was far less a war of strategy and tactics than it was a war of logistics—that is, supply. When Hitler made the war one that was highly mechanized, he evoked the comment from General Brehon S. Somervell, Commanding General, Army Service Forces, that by so doing he was "playing right down our alley." And when the war became to a large extent one of supply, of throwing material in unheard of quantities across the world, that also was playing right down our alley. As a nation we have a genius for production and distribution; our inventive-



ness and ingenuity are of a high degree; and consequently we achieved miracles which appalled the enemy while they also surprised ourselves.

Lt. Col. Randolph's excellent book presents the reader with a succession of clear pictures illustrating the Army's superb achievements in many fields: Transportation, Engineers, Signal, Medical, Chemical, Quartermaster, Ordnance, and others. We tend to think of war in terms of combat men whether on the ground or in the air, overlooking the fact that the active fighters must be supported by a vast and complex organization of other soldiers who feed them, clothe them, tend them when wounded, bury them, build bridges and other structures for them, arrange for their communications and transportation, bring up their ammunition, furnish them with guns and keep them in repair. Consequently the landings in Normandy were supported by over five hundred thousand Service of Supply Troops.

In brief compass and with admirable clarity, Colonel Randolph has told us a great deal of the miracle of American supply at war.

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(Continued from page 11)

shoes being resoled and stockings being darned.

The pressure is on in other ways too. The hard-driven hotels have abandoned their ingratiating way of celebrating your birthday with you by calling your room and singing a gay "Happy Birthday to You" over the telephone. But I do not think it is economic pressure which has brought about the markedly greater interest in fine cooking—even in this land of the cafeteria where you eat with your hat under the chair. And the girls, wearing pants and men's shirts—a lapse which is sure to change as soon as the men return and demand their women in skirts again.

But there are changes in big ways, too. Never has America felt her world destiny as strongly as she does today. Fifty years from now, historians may say that it took a Hitler to make America realize her power. Even today, Americans do not sense the fulness of that strength. It is easier for a European to see it.

Modern Europe has been revolutionized by America. The United States is the powerhouse of civilization. As my friend Johannes V. Jensen, 1944 Nobel prize winner, remarked with keen perception, Franklin, Whitman, Thomas Paine, Lincoln, Roosevelt, have given the world liberal and humane ideas; and Fulton, Edison, Morse, and the American technical genius have helped those ideas grow and materialize. America is a battery from which radiate electric shocks. Here is the source of power, the ignition of the world.

If I were forced to formulate the American character in three words, I would say: Joy of Life. The sanguine capacity for living is the true source of strength. Gay, generous, and efficient are the American traditions, and they are kept lively by an incredible surplus of vitality.

I took back to Copenhagen two thoroughly Americanized daughters, who call the superb Danish food "foreign stuff" and demand bottles of cola to wash it down. As we fared eastward across the ocean, they waved their hands figuratively at Americans returning from Europe's age-old battlefields, American soldiers who have won for the world a giant victory against bestiality. May they and their children never cease to strive for a world in which the Goddess of Liberty can move as she wills, without let or hindrance!

So long, America, and Merry Christmas!

I'll be seeing you. Everywhere.

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W. M. THACKERAY

(*Continued from page 13*)

at a London gambling hell concluded he was an easy mark, followed him to Cambridge, and relieved him of £1500. It is curious that gambling had such a fascination for Thackeray and that he was so unable to restrain himself. Some time after his sharp lesson at Cambridge he lost £668 at play in London, and even after that continued to gamble. It is a rare vice with artists, who usually and more sympathetically prefer wine, women, and song to this mercenary sensationalism.

At Cambridge, too, occurred a little episode which some have thought had a kind of symbolical touch about it. While Thackeray was a student the theme for the Chancellor's gold medal prize-poem was Timbuctoo, and it was won by his friend and fellow-student "old Alfred" (Tennyson). Thackeray did not compete, but instead wrote a parody which was published in an undergraduate paper called *The Snob*. A good deal of Thackeray's talent lay in jeering at things he couldn't do himself. His "Codlingsby," a parody of Disraeli's "Coningsby," is certainly very amusing but it is also very offensive; and one should not be surprised that Disraeli afterwards parodied Thackeray as Mr. St. Barbe—a pretty good picture of Thackeray's faults in the days before "Vanity Fair."

"The Snob"—what was meant by the snob, who played such a big part in Thackeray's social mythology? Country people in England still call a cobbler a "snob," and in Thackeray's student days it seems to have been a snobbish (in our sense of the word) term used by students for the Cambridge townspeople whom they considered inferiors. Thackeray used and misused the word until it became merely a term of abuse for anybody he happened to dislike. As Trollope says: "A man could not wear his hat, or carry his umbrella, or mount his horse, without falling into some error of snobbism before his hypercritical eyes." But if the reader wants to see a snob in full action—all guns blazing and the old school tie nailed to the mast-head—he might do worse than contemplate the letters addressed to Lady Castlereagh and the Duke of Devonshire by Mr. W. M. Thackeray.

Antiquity was fascinated by tales of great men failing greatly, while the modern world likes to hear of the small successes of small people. Thackeray was not the kind of man to sacrifice himself for an ideal of art. Even if he had not lost the money left him by his father and so had kept

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snow (snō), *n.* [< A.S. *snāw*, snow < Aryan source], **1**, frozen water vapor in the form of white, feathery flakes, or crystals, falling through the air or lying upon the earth; **2**, a snowstorm; also, a winter; **3**, anything very white like snow:—*v.i.* to fall in frozen crystals: used impersonally; as, it *snows*:—*v.t.* **1**, to scatter profusely, like falling snow; **2**, to obstruct, cover, or shut in with, or as if with, masses of snow: with *in*, *under*, or *up*:

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financial independence, I doubt if he would have worked without public encouragement for an artistic ideal. He would not have been content to remain unpublished like Jane Austen or unread like George Meredith. His life-story, as revealed in these vivid letters, is of a gallant struggle to retrieve moral and material disasters.

"Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose, aware of his intellect but not trusting it," such was Thackeray at Cambridge and in the years immediately following it. After flirting with the law, he went to Paris to study painting, but seems to have idled nearly as much as at Cambridge. In Paris he married on flimsy prospects of journalism which proved an illusion. There must have been bitter moments in his life when, as he struggled to earn a poor living for himself and his little family, he felt himself a hopeless failure. His situation in the early autumn of 1840 was most miserable—a mad wife, two small children, a stupidly hostile mother-in-law, no home, no certain profession, debts, and disillusion. Energy, determination, and talent were needed to climb out of this pit of squalor and despair, to rise from writing the insufferable Yellowplush papers and all the other deplorably "humorous" journalism to the authorship of novels as esteemed by contemporary critics as they were popular, and to achieve at last the editorship of *The Cornhill Magazine*. They were great achievements for a man who at twenty-five must have looked to unsympathetic observers a likely candidate for a debtors' prison and even a drunkard's grave.

Thackeray's career of social success, which was very great, was due in a great measure to his curious position as a grass widower. I don't mean that Mrs. Thackeray was socially unacceptable, but it is a notorious fact that while the London aristocracy lasted it preferred its literary guests to be unattached. Thackeray, poor man, was lonely and unhappy—it is touching to read the frequent and wistful references in these letters to the future days when little Annie Thackeray "will be a companion to me." He seems to have dined out very nearly every night during the season, much as Browning did after the death of Elizabeth. For a Victorian of Victorians like Thackeray, a sentimentalist of the old brigade, club life and society were no real compensation for the lack of home life.

Less tragical than Mrs. Thackeray's insanity, but also a cause of endless unhappiness, was Thackeray's hopeless love for the wife of his friend, the Rev. William Brookfield. One

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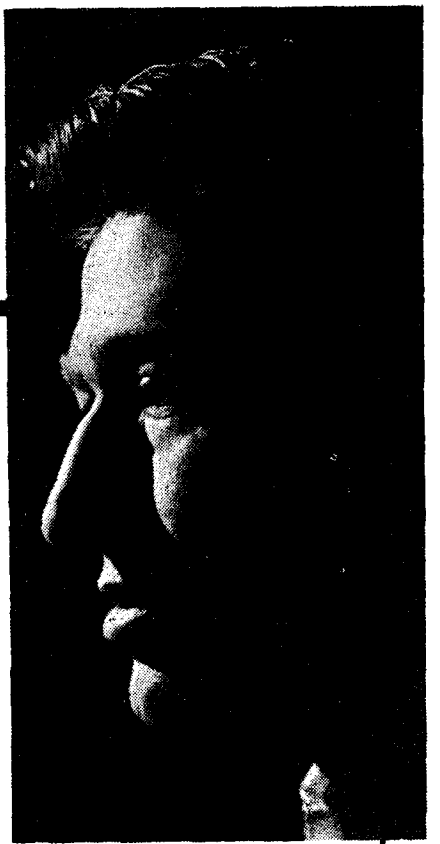

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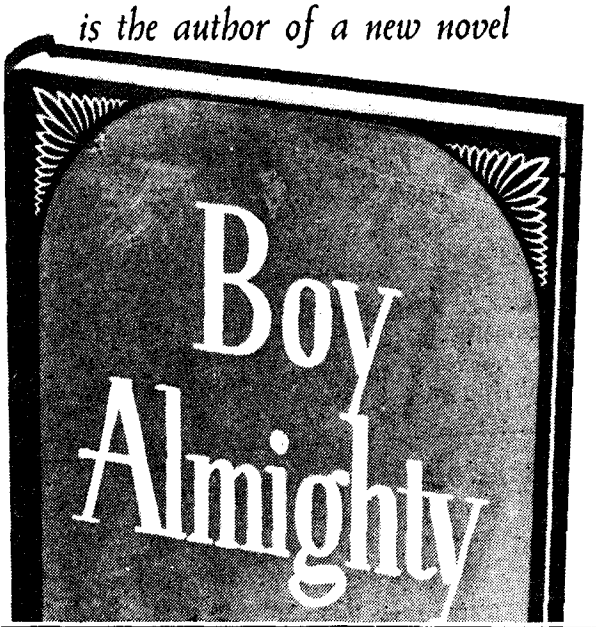

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would think that the demands of money morality would have been satisfied by Thackeray's generous provision for his afflicted wife, and that he would have been freed to marry again. His own stepfather had been kinder to him than many a father to his own son—why should he not have been allowed someone to mother his motherless girls? But the Mrs. Grundy of the British law said no; and yet it was inevitable that Thackeray should eventually fall in love again. It was with a friend's wife. Possibly Mrs. Brookfield's influence helped Thackeray in his upward struggle from *Punch* to better things, though it is noticeable that her letters become more numerous as "Vanity Fair" becomes a success.

Letter 561 seems to be wrongly placed—in it Thackeray speaks of getting later and later with "V.F." (*i.e.*, "Vanity Fair" in serial form), although as early as Letter 539 he speaks of having written the first page of "Pendennis." In Letter 422 Thackeray says his grandmother has been dead for two weeks, and yet six letters further he says: "My grandmother is too old to go out." In the footnotes an attempt has been made to identify all quotations, including Shakespeare and the Bible. But in Vol. 2 alone Homer is missed on page 687; Ronsard on page 496; a Scottish ballad on page 615; and on page 633 Macbeth is noted but a reference to King Henry V overlooked. On page 3 of Vol. 2 a Frenchman is called "Jeanne," instead of "Jean." It was right to explain what a "gyp" is, but I think most American readers will have to look up "poonah-painting," as I did. On Vol. 2, page 291, is an amusing howler—"Hampstead Court," gravely annotated "Where the Crowes lived." There is no such place as Hampstead Court, and what Thackeray evidently wrote was "Hampton Court," as is obvious to anyone from the letter's references to Twickenham, pictures, the gardens, the labyrinth, and "chestnut trees in fair bloom"—the famous avenue in Bushey Park. It seems odd to give us (in German) Goethe's son's wife's opinion of her husband, and to leave quite without comment this curious passage (in letter 343) to E. Marlborough Fitzgerald:

> I must beg you not to call upon me—I have told you why I myself have avoided you. Ever since I heard that fatal story about poor Isabella, I could not find it in me to show a confidence wh. existed no more. Nor in spite of your denials can I resist Kinglake's testimony against you. I dont mean as regards the injury past. I wish to God I could say not guilty.

What is meant by these mysterious and portentous words?

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A Big World

BIG DISTANCE. By Captain Donald Hough and Captain Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1945. 255 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
Brigadier General DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN the Southwest Pacific the realities of geography were the first enemy that had to be met and overcome. Captains Hough and Arnold make that very clear. Neither maps nor the knowledge of the average person concerning this part of the earth's land and water areas suffice to explain the magnitude of geographical hostility. The Mercator projection fails utterly in representing "big distance" in that region. But when these two mentors finish their convincing, lucid, and most interesting geography lesson, the obstacle of vast space is exceedingly clear. Unfortunately, space was not the only impediment to our advance. The jungle, climate, mountains, swamps, insects, a primitive people, and the absence of ports, cities, or even villages, combined to create an almost invincible alliance with the Japanese armed forces. In fact, the Japanese counted on the jungle to beat us. The purpose of this book is to explain how and why Japanese calculations were set at naught.

Of course control of the sea was requisite. The Navy saw to that. Then we had to have superiority in the air. Although the authors describe enough of the entire operations to explain how the Navy and Ground Forces won footholds in the jungle, and the Engineers built the air strips, they are concerned chiefly with the activities of the Fifth and Thirteenth Air Forces.

The thrilling story starts at Guadalcanal and New Guinea. The latter island saw the first major air-borne troop movement by the United States Army in any theatre of operations. Twenty thousand American and Australian soldiers flew to battle with never more than sixteen transports to put into the air at any time. Flying across the hump on New Guinea was "by thumb, and by luck, and by energy, and by determination. The planes could make the trip in forty-five minutes; trekking across the mountains took up to twenty-eight days." Our authors describe that example of the new warfare vividly and well, but it is only the beginning of an anthology of episodes that are memorable and moving.

In our preoccupation with our primary enemy, the Nazis, we have done scant justice to the men of the Southwest Pacific. This book establishes a better perspective.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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ART EXHIBITIONS

DECEMBER

ALBANY, N.Y.

Institute of History and Art: Albany Artists of the Past Century, Art while Overseas (Cpl. Howard Becker), to Dec. 2; First National Print Exhibition, Dec. 5-31.

ANDOVER, MASS.

Addison Gallery of American Art: Prints by Paul Klee, to Dec. 3.

AUBURN, N.Y.

Cayuga Museum: Hemisphere Exhibit, Water Colors by Eliot O'Hara, Modern Plastics, through Dec.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Municipal Museum: Paintings of Baltimore, to Dec. 1.

Museum of Art: Still Life and Flower Paintings, Railroad Landscapes, Sitton, Christmas Story in Art, to Dec. 9.

Walters Gallery: Ivory Carvings, to Dec. 2.

BLOOMFIELD HILLS, MICH.

Cranbrook Academy: European Artists in the United States, Dec. 26-Jan. 16.

BOSTON, MASS.

Institute of Modern Art: Forbidden Art in the Third Reich, to Dec. 9; Members of the Institute, Dec. 12-Jan. 6.

Museum of Fine Arts: 1000 Years of Landscape, to Dce. 9; Charles H. Woodbury, Nov. 15-Dec. 16; Special Christmas Exhibition, Dec. 15-Jan. 6.

Public Library: Prints and Drawings by Charles H. Woodbury, to Dec. 16.

Vose Galleries: Watercolors by John Whorf, to Dec. 1; Pictures for Christmas Gifts, Dec. 1-31.

BUFFALO, N.Y.

Albright Art Gallery: Built in U.S.A., Modern American Architecture, to Dec. 5; Buffalo Society of Artists, Exhibition of Small Paintings, Dec. 2-26; Magazine of Art Selections of Children's Books, Dec. 5-26; Buffalo Artists Traveling Exhibition, Dec. 27-Jan. 10.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Fogg Art Museum: Marcantonio and XV Century Italian Engravings, to Dec. 1; Ivories, Bronzes, Metalwork, from Dumbarton Oaks Collection, through Dec. 31; Medieval Korean Pottery from the Collection of Charles B. Hoyt, through Jan. 31; Graphic Art of Daumier, Dec. 5-Jan. 31.

CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

Person Hall Art Gallery: 9th Annual Exhibition North Carolina Artists, Dec. 2-30.

CHARLOTTE, N.C.

Mint Museum of Art: Portraits, Dr. Arthur Bye and Son, to Dec. 1.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Art Institute: 56th Annual American Exhibition, to Jan. 1; Watercolors by George Fred Keck and Samuel A. Marx, to Dec. 16; Early Middle Western Buildings, drawings by Kenneth Becker, to Jan. 2; Chinese Costumes and Accessories, to Feb. 3, Looking at Sculpture; Threads from Spain, 700 years of Spanish Textiles.

for Christmas Giving

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Associated American Artists: Pictures for Christmas, to Dec. 25.
Mandel Bros.: Chicago Society of Etchers, to Dec. 1.
Renaissance Society, University of Chicago: Coptic Textiles, Marsden Hartley, Max Weber, to Dec. 5.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Modern Art Society: Acquisitions of Modern Art Society Members, to Dec. 3; Lending Gallery, to Dec. 5; Container Corporation of America, opening Dec. 18.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Museum of Art: Art of the Americas, through Jan. 6; Photographs by Fritz Henle, Dec. 4-Jan. 6; Etchings and Lithographs by Rodolphe Bresdin, to Jan. 13.
Ten-thirty Gallery: David Burliuk, to Dec. 1.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Gallery of Fine Arts: Brazil Builds (Architectural photographs), to Dec. 10; Chinese Sculpture, Dec. 7-Jan. 20.

DALLAS, TEX.

Museum of Fine Arts: 7th Texas General, to Dec. 2; Fine Books and Bindings lent by Stanley Marcus, What is Modern Painting, to Dec. 9; 5th Annual Texas Print Exhibition, to Jan. 6; Recent Acquisitions, Dec. 2-16; Small Christmas Paintings by Dallas Artists, Dec. 9-30; Ceramics by Houston Artists, Dec. 16-Jan. 13; Paintings and Drawings by Boardman Robinson, Dec. 23-Jan. 20.

DAYTON, OHIO

Art Institute: Encyclopedia Britannica Exhibition, to Dec. 3.

DENVER, COLO.

Art Museum: Chappell House Galleries. Modern French Painting (French Government Exhibition), to Dec. 6; Denver Artists Guild, Dec. 7; Marionettes, to Dec. 30.

DES MOINES, IOWA

Drake University Gallery: Sioux City Watercolor Traveling Show, Dec. 2-15.

DETROIT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: 16th Annual Exhibition of Michigan Artists, to Dec. 16; Art of India (Junior Gallery), through Dec.

FLINT, MICH.

Institute of Arts: 2nd Annual Print and Drawing Fair, to Dec. 31.

FORT WAYNE, IND.

Art Museum: Local Artists, to Dec. 1.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Wadsworth Atheneum: 8th Annual Exhibition Connecticut Water Color Society, to Dec. 16.

HOUSTON, TEX.

Museum of Fine Arts: Eakins Exhibition, to Dec. 9.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Herron Art Institute: Mrs. J. W. Thorne's American Rooms in miniature, to Dec. 2; Figurines in Crinoline by Bessie Potter Vonnoh, to Dec. 9.

ITHACA, N.Y.

Cornell University: Oil in Watercolor (American Federation of Arts), to Dec. 2.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

County Museum: Etchings by Mary J. Coulter, to Dec. 2.
Federation of Western Art: Annual Exhibition, Trends in Southern California Art, to Dec. 31.

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LOUISVILLE, KTY.

Speed Memorial Museum: Cuban Paintings Today, to Dec. 20.

MADISON, WIS.

University of Wisconsin: Annual Wisconsin Salon of Art, to Dec. 3.

MASSILLON, OHIO

Museum: 10th Annual Show Ohio Residents, Sculpture by Chaim Gross, to Dec. 1.

MILLS COLLEGE, CALIF.

Mills College: Evolution of Modern Art, to Dec. 2.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Art Institute: Frank Lloyd Wright Architectural Exhibition, through Dec.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Institute of Arts: Arms and Armor lent by Metropolitan Museum, continuing; Color Prints of Old Japan, to Dec. 2; Recent Accesions in Painting & Sculpture; Annual Salon of Photography.

Walker Art Center: Races of Mankind, to Dec. 9; Greeting Cards and Reproductions, to Jan. 6; Paintings by Philip Evergood; The Story of Jade.

MONTCLAIR, N.J.

Art Museum: American primitives, Dec. 2-23.

NEWARK, N.J.

Artists of Today Gallery: Coal Bill Auction Show, to Dec. 8; Christmas Show, Dec. 10 through 29.

Museum: Painters of Today, Art in Children's Living (Junior Museum), through Dec.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Delgado Museum: Photographs and Drawings from "Plantation Parade", to Dec. 8; Russian Exhibition, Ralph Brewer, to Dec. 9; New Orleans Art League, opening Dec. 9; A new American Architecture, Dec. 10-30.

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A.C.A. Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Gerrit Hondius, to Dec. 8; Prestopino, to Dec. 15.

H. V. Allison and Co., Inc., 32 E. 57 St.: George Bellows, to Dec. 15.

American British Art Center, 44 W. 56 St.: Watercolors by Hercules Brabazon Brabazon and John Singer Sargent, to Dec. 8.

Argent Galleries, 42 W. 57 St.: 54th Exhibition of the Society of Ceramic Arts, to Dec. 1.

Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave.: James Chapin, to Dec. 1; Irwin Hoffman, Dec. 3-25; Watercolors by Earl Gross, Dec. 10-31.

Babcock Galleries, 38 E. 57 St.: Revington Arthur, to Dec. 1; Intimate Paintings by American Artists, Dec. 3-29.

Barbizon Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 58 St.: M. Katz, to Dec. 7.

Barzansky Gallery, 664 Madison Ave.: 6th Annual Christmas Gift Show, through Dec.

Bignou Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Salvador Dali, to Dec. 29.

Brandt Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Norman Daly, Morris Golubov, to Dec. 1; Group Show, Dec. 3-31.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway: Life on the Mississippi, prints, to Dec. 10; Landscape Painting, Landscape watercolors and photographs, to Jan. 1.

Buchholz Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Alexander Calder, to Dec. 1; Contemporary Prints, Dec. 4-29.

Carroll Carstairs Gallery, 11 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Franz Bueb, Dec. 4-22.

Downtown Gallery, 43 E. 51 St.: John Brown Series in gouache by Jacob Lawrence, Dec. 4-29; Christmas Exhibition, through Dec.

Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57 St.: Walt Kuhn, to Dec. 1; Raisa Robbins, Dec. 3-28.

Durlacher Bros., 11 E. 57 St.: Walter Stuempfig, Dec. 3-29.

Duveen Bros., 720 Fifth Ave.: Soldiers and Sailors in American Wars, through Dec. 15.

Eighth St. Gallery, 33 W. 8 St.: Ernest L. Sumner, to Dec. 9.

Ferargil Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: Watercolors, Foshko, Menkes, and Constant, to Dec. 2; Portraits by Natalie van Vleck, Dec. 3-13; Small Masterpieces, Dec. 3-16; James Davis, Painting with Plastics, Dec. 10-22; Christmas Group, small paintings, Dec. 16-Jan. 1.

Flatbush Art Gallery, 849 Flatbush Ave., Brklyn.: Group Show, through Dec. 8.

Galerie Neuf, 342 E. 79 St.: Martin Bloom, to Dec. 1.

Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57 St.: Memorial Show for Kathe Kollwitz, to Dec. 25.

Glackens, 10 W. 9 St.: 7th Memorial Exhibition, through Dec. 2.

Grand Central Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt Ave.: Lada Hlavka, through Dec. 1.

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60 St.: Jonathan Swift, First Editions and Associated Copies, to Dec. 6.

Arthur H. Harlow and Co., 42 E. 57 St.: Frank W. Benson, to Dec. 1 Norah Hamilton, to Dec. 3.

Jane Street Gallery, 35 Jane St.: Hyde Solomon, to Dec. 24.

Kleeman Galleries, 65 E. 57 St.: John von Wicht, Dec. 3 through 29.

Kootz Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Christmas Group Show, through Dec.

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Kraushaar Galleries, 32 E. 57 St.: Watercolors by Marion Monks Chase, to Dec. 1; Gouaches by Cecil Bell, to Dec. 15.
Lilienfeld Galleries, 21 E. 57 St.: Storybook Quilts by Marion Cheever Whiteside, Ceramics by Natzlers, Jewelry by Zegorav, to Dec. 31.
Marquie Gallery, 16 W. 57 St.: Arnold Friedlan, to Dec. 15.
Pierre Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57 St.: Lam, through Dec. 8.
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82 St.: English Domestic Needlework 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries, through Dec. 2; Prints of the Time of the Counter Reformation, Old Mexican Pottery, closing indefinite; Chinese Ceremonial Bronzes, Dec. 7-Mar. 10; Prize Contest Exhibition, Army Arts and Crafts, Dec. 21-Jan. 10. Junior Museum, Paul Revere and The Horse, continuing. Cloisters, Angels of the Lord, from Dec. 19, closing indefinite.
Midtown Galleries, 605 Madison Ave.: Waldo Peirce, to Dec. 1.
Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57 St.: Hilde Kayn, to Dec. 10; Paintings "for the home" by American Artists, to Dec. 31.
Modern Art Studio, 63 Madison Ave.: Sunday Painters and Sculptors, through Dec. 8.
Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104 St.: Your New York Tomorrow, to Jan. 7; Tinsel Pin-ups, Theater Prints from the Collection of Charles G. Shaw, to Jan. 21.
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.: Useful Objects, Children's Christmas Circus, to Jan. 6; Stuart Davis, to Feb. 3; Museum of Modern Art Framed Reproductions, to Feb. 24.
National Serigraph Society, 38 W. 57 St.: Opening Exhibition of Members Prints, through Dec. 1.
New Art Circle, 41 E. 57 St.: American Primitive Paintings, through Dec. 8.
Newhouse Gallery, 15 E. 57 St.: Twenty Selected American Artists and their Selections for Christmas Gifts, through Dec. 24.
New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12 St.: Grigory Gluckmann, to Dec. 20.
Arthur U. Newton Galleries, 11 E. 57 St.: John Shayn, through Dec. 8.
New York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West: The Swedish Nightingale, Our G.I.'s in Seven Wars, Portrait of F. D. Roosevelt by De Witt M. Lockman, to Dec. 31.
New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42 St.: French Book Illustration, to Dec. 15.
Nierendorf Gallery, 53 E. 57 St.: Mexican Art, Carlos Merida, to Dec. 6.
Niveau Gallery, 63 E. 57 St.: David Aronson, to Dec. 7.
Norlyst Gallery, 59 W. 56 St.: Jimmy Ernst, to Dec. 1.
Passedoit Gallery, 121 E. 57 St.: Jose de Creeft, to Dec. 15.
Perls Gallery, 32 E. 58 St.: Mario Carreno, to Dec. 1; 9th Annual Holiday Show, "For the Young Collector", Dec. 3-31.
Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58 St.: Ralph Rosenborg, through Dec.
Rehn Gallery, 683 Fifth Ave.: Stark Young, to Dec. 1.
Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Drive: League Artists in Service, to Dec. 9.
Rockefeller Center, Mezzanine Galleries, 30 Rockefeller Plaza: Portrait of America (Pepsi-Cola Exhibition), to Dec. 15.
Paul Rosenberg and Co., 16 E. 57 St.: *Cézanne, Manet*, Toulouse-Lautrec, Corot, Courbet, to Dec. 22.
Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave.: Thumb-Box Sketches, to Dec. 7.
Schacht Gallery, 23 E. 64 St.: Louise Schacht, through Dec. 19.
Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57 St.: Vasilieff, to Dec. 1.
Tribune Book and Art Center, 100 W. 42 St.: Lithographs and Drawings by Kathe Kollwitz, to Dec. 25.
Valentine Gallery, 55 E. 57 St.: John Kane and Eilshemius, to Dec. 15.
Weyhe Gallery, 794 Lexington Ave.: David Y. Ellinger, to Dec. 8.
Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8 St.: Annual Exhibition Contemporary Americans, to Jan. 10.
Wildenstein and Co., 19 E. 64 St.: Walter Gay, to Dec. 22.
Willard Gallery, 32 E. 57 St.: Mark Tobey, to Dec. 8.

OAKLAND, CALIF.

Art Gallery: Exhibition by Thirteen Watercolorists, Selections from the Permanent Collection, Dec. 2-30.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Municipal Auditorium: Photographs by Wade Vliet, to Dec. 13.

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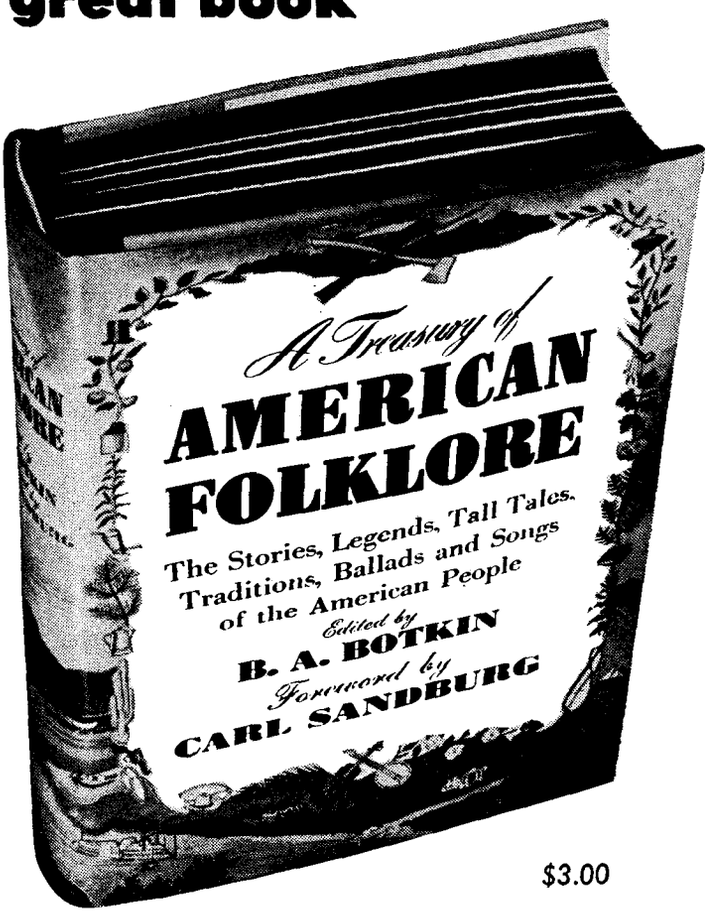

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OLIVET, MICH.

Olivet College: German Expressionists and Post-Expressionists, to Dec. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Art Alliance: Oils by Adams W. Garrett, to Dec. 2; Silkscreen Prints by Albert Urban, to Dec. 9; Industrial Design by Dave Chapman, to Dec. 14; Watercolors by DeHirsh Margules, Architecture by Alfred and Jane Claus, to Dec. 16; Sculpture by Donald DeLue, to Dec. 23.
Museum of Art: Color Prints, to Jan. 1; Artists Look Like This, to Jan. 15.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Carnegie Institute: Painting in the United States, to Dec. 9; Current American Prints, to Dec. 30.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

Berkshire Museum: Oils and watercolors by Betty Warren Jones, through Dec.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Art Museum: Prints by American Artists, lent by Federal Works Project, Sculpture by Frederick Littman, to Dec. 1; Paintings by Matthew Barnes, to Dec. 2.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Museum of Art: Art of Daumier, Paintings and Lithographs by Géricault, to Dec. 2; 3rd Annual Exhibition of Rhode Island Federation of Camera Clubs, Dec. 12-Jan. 2.

RACINE, WIS.

Charles A. Wustum Museum: Racine Painters, to Dec. 12.

RICHMOND, VA.

Virginia Museum of Fine Arts: Paintings by Thomas Thorne, to Dec. 5.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Rochester Memorial Art Gallery. Jurors' Show: Paintings by Robert Reiff; Objects as Subjects.
Rochester Historical Society: Sahra Kitchen.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

Rockford Art Association: Industrial Exhibition, Watercolors by Herb Olson, to Dec. 2.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

City Art Museum: Oceanic Art, to Dec. 10; 5th Annual Missouri Exhibition, to Dec. 17; Eighteenth Century Italian Print Makers, St. Louis Photographic Salon, to Dec. 31.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Gallery and School of Art: "Are Clothes Modern?" (Museum of Modern Art), through Dec.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Witte Memorial Museum: Paintings by Alice Naylor, Prints from Associated American Artists, Dec. 2-26; Early San Antonio Painters, Dec. 23-Jan. 13.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Fine Arts Gallery: Maynard Dixon; Important Acquisitions of 1945.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

California Palace of the Legion of Honor: Annual Exhibition of the Society for Sanity in Art, to Dec. 30; Ecclesiastical Sculpture, Religious Folk Art of the Southwest, Photographs by George Barrows, to Jan. 2.
M. H. De Young Memorial Museum: Mural Paintings from the Caves of India by Sarkis Katchadourian; The American Century, Portraits of Famous Americans by Enit Kaufmann; Contemporary Paintings and Drawings from the museum collection.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Museum of Art: E. Britton, Jean Goodwin Ames, to Dec. 8.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

Skidmore College: Mystery in Paint, to Dec. 11; Annual Group Show, to Dec. 15.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Art Museum: Army Medical Paintings, Murals by Sarkis Katchadourian, Charles Clifford Wright, Feininger, Knee, Tobey, Graves, to Dec. 2.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Museum of Fine Arts: Upjohn Collection of Contemporary American Paintings, through Dec.
Smith Art Gallery: Modern Rugs, to Dec. 3; 27th Annual Exhibition of Springfield Art League, Dec. 2-23.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Art Museum: Illinois Group of Painters, Original Prints and Lithographs (Associated Artists), Christmas Decorations, Springfield Art Museum Sculpture, through Dec.

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Museum of Fine Arts: Oil in watercolor (American Federation of Arts), Dec. 9 through 30; African Art, through Dec.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Museum of Art: The American Snapshot (Museum of Modern Art), Army and Navy Triptychs, through Dec.

TRENTON, N.J.

State Museum: Photographs—Peoples of the U.S.S.R., Soviet Children's Art, to Dec. 2.

TULSA, OKLA.

Philbrook Art Center: Art in Religion, to Dec. 4; Pre-War French School of Painting, Dec. 11-Jan. 8.

URBANA, ILL.

University of Illinois: Modern Architecture, to Dec. 2.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Barnett Aden Gallery: Jack Perlmutter, Eldzier Cortor, through Dec.
Corcoran Gallery: Lieut. Mitchell Jamieson, U.S.N.R., through Dec. '9; 3rd Annual Exhibition of Paintings by the Merchant Seamen of the United Nations, Dec. 2 through 26.
National Gallery: Paintings and Drawings by U.S. Marine Corps Combat Artists, through Dec. 9.
Smithsonian Institution: National Collection of Fine Arts — Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, Dec. 9 through Jan. 6; Division of Graphic Arts — Etchings and Drypoints by Charles W. Dahlgreen, through Jan. 6; Section of Photography — Pictorial Photographs by Stuyvesant Peabody, through Dec.

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.

Norton Gallery and School of Art: All-Florida Soldiers' Art Exhibition. to Dec. 2.

WICHITA, KAN.

Art Association Galleries: Italian Primitives, Illustrated Books, through Dec.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Lawrence Art Museum: Twentieth Century Drawings, Dec. 9-30.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Delaware Art Center: 32nd Annual Delaware Show, to Dec. 2.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Art Museum: Contemporary American Prints, to Jan. 1; Ralph Earl, Dec. 13-Jan. 13.

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He Draws and He Writes

STUDIO EUROPE. John Groth. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1945. 283 *pp.* $3.50

Reviewed by S. J. Woolf

I HAVE OFTEN repeated that all my artist friends say that I write well while my writer friends prefer my drawings. Perhaps that is why I like the text of John Groth's "Studio Europe" better than I do his sketches which illustrate it. And that may also be the reason why Ernest Hemingway in his Introduction to the book stresses the excellence of the pictures.

Groth was in many of the same places that I was and therefore I can all the more appreciate not only the warmth and spirit of his words but also their truthfulness. His description of London under the strain of the robot bombs and the stoicism with which the English carried on in the face of those buzzing monsters is feelingly told. I like his stories about Normandy also for they convey the atmosphere of those days and nights when mud-caked G.I.'s as well as some correspondents crouched behind hedgerows. Moreover he gives a good account of that group of civilians who were attached to the army to chronicle its doings. His tales of his arrival in Paris, his meetings with the Russians, and his slipping into Berlin are exciting and colorful.

Groth was attached to the Ninth Army Air Force and I was with the First Army. Although I met many of the men who were with his outfit I never had the good fortune to run across him. According to Hemingway he is a charming companion. From his book one would judge him to be young, serious, enthusiastic, credulous, and at times a wee bit boastful. The war affected him deeply as it did everyone else who was in it, but he manages to convey in words its effect upon him, a great talent in itself.

As for the drawings in the book, I do not think I am a competent judge. I did not see the war through the eyes of either the Modern or the Whitney Museum. Nor did most of the G.I.'s look to me like comic figures from the pages of *The New Yorker*. My tastes coincide more with those of Groth's London landlord who sipped his tea and discussed art to the accompaniment of the hum of V-I's. Winslow Homer's Civil War sketches and those by Wallace Morgan of World War I carry more of a message for me than do Groth's drawings of this last war. However, he is not the only artist, to my way of thinking, who failed in getting its spirit.

This was purely a mechanical war. Making drawings of it was as much of an anachronism as rolling your own cigarettes. The camera stepped in and recorded what human hands failed to depict. Although some worthwhile artistic efforts have resulted, I have yet to see a drawing or painting by any artist which conveys the spirit, the feeling, or the tempo that Rosenthal's photograph of the Marines raising the flag at Suribachi does. And this is but one of thousands of pictures that army and press photographers risked their lives to take.

However this does not mean that Groth's drawings do not enhance the book. They are as distinctly personal as the text and with it form a vivid portrayal of the impressions made by the war on a talented and imaginative correspondent.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 609)

STEPHEN LEACOCK:
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the Phoenix Nest

JOHN Stapleton Cowley-Brown, that fiery book-reviewer of yore—and how yore it now is!—honors me with the following remarks about S. R. Crockett (who must be chuckling in his Galloway heaven over all the plugs I have lately been giving him, and whose "Men of the Moss Hags" I have just finished and deeply savored):

> Enlarging on your recent reference: Crockett was a Presbyterian minister (his kirk was at Penicuick, pronounced Pennycock, near Edinburgh). He was one of the Kailyard School, but was overshadowed by Barrie and Ian McLaren. His best book, "The Strickit Minister," was inscribed
>
> To Robert Louis Stevenson of Scotland and Samoa I dedicate these stories of that grey Galloway land, where, about the graves of the Martyrs, the whaups are crying—his heart has not forgotten how.

In connection with this dedication, R. L. S. wrote from Samoa to Sidney Colvin:

> Did you see a man who wrote "The Stickit Minister" and dedicated it to me in words that brought the tears to my eyes? "Where about the graves of the Martyrs the whaups are crying. *His* heart remembers how." Ah, by God, it does. Singular that I should fulfil the Scot's destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time!

The words quoted from the moving, fresh, and beautiful Crockett dedication were worked by Stevenson into a very moving and metrically original set of verses, addressed to Crockett in acknowledgement. (I reprint the verses here, though they have long been favorites of mine, for the sake of those who do not know them.)

TO S. R. CROCKETT
(*In reply to a Dedication*)

Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
My heart remembers how.

Grey recumbent tombs of the dead in desert places,
Standing stones on the vacant wine-red moor,
Hills of sheep, and the homes of the silent vanished races,
And winds, austere and pure.

Be it granted to me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home! and to hear again the call;
Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
And hear no more at all.

Vailima

* * *

Earle Walbridge has forgotten that he once presented me with a copy of "The Mystery," to which he refers below. Everything he says about it is true, and just the other night when talking to a friend, she asked me if I recalled a story of years ago that dealt with a sort of atomic bomb. She must have meant "The Mystery":

> Both the atom bomb and the publication of the Nordhoff and Hall romance "The High Barbaree" have reminded me again of that superb yarn "The Mystery" (1905) by Samuel Hopkins Adams and Stewart Edward White, which you once allowed me to talk about at length [*SRL.* Jan. 15, 1944]. The properties and stunning radiation flash of pluton-

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ium are very like the celestium of "The Mystery" (why doesn't *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* reprint it?). Mr. Adams is "amazed and flattered that anyone remembers that old tale, though it wasn't a bad yarn, at that. As far as I can recall, I wrote Parts I and III, and Stewart, Part II. Then we spent a winter together at his place in Santa Barbara and rewrote the whole thing."

If you recall "The Mystery" (with illustrations by the late Will Crawford) you will remember that "The High Barbaree" was a rather sinister chanty sung by Handy Solomon. Mr. Adams says it's "an authentic old-timer, but just how old I've never known. Probably before 1850. An aged seafaring cousin of mine, long since dead, always insisted that it was originally sung on the Great Lakes merchantmen. He served there when a youthful runaway from Hobart College."

* * *

The best poem about the atomic bomb was written by S. Foster Damon, biographer of William Blake and of Amy Lowell. It appeared in his book of poems, "Astrolabe" (1927), but it was first printed in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. I reprint it here with his permission:

ROCK OF SAGES

Divide the Leaf, and I am There,
Perceived by all, beheld by none;
Break the great mountain, split the hair,
And at the center there is One,—

One substance indivisible,
The uncreated urge incessant,
The only thing past miracle,
Imperishable, omnipresent . . .

(—"Excuse me, sir, at this my baulking;
But no God's found within my stratum!"
—"Excuse *me*, sir, but I was talking
Not about God; about the Atom."

But while the two harangued and cursed,
Suddenly God Atom burst.
Electron! Be not cleft for me!
Let me build my faith on thee!)

WILLIAM ROSE BENET

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Florence Udney Parish Adverse, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen. 2. Hilda Lessways Cannon Clayhanger, in "These Twain," by Arnold Bennett. 3. Alayne Archer Whiteoak, in "The Whiteoaks of Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. 4. Clara Copperfield Murdstone, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 5. Bathsheba Everdene Troy Oak, in "Far From the Madding Crowd," by Thomas Hardy. 6. Irene Heron Forsyte, in "The Forsyte Saga," by John Galsworthy. 7. Olivia Telworthy Marden, in "Mr. Pim Passes By," by A. A. Milne. 8. Annie Lee Arden Ray, in "Enoch Arden," by Alfred Tennyson. 9. Amelia Sedley Osborne Dobbin, in "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray. 10. Gertrude, queen of Denmark, in "Hamlet," by William Shakespeare.

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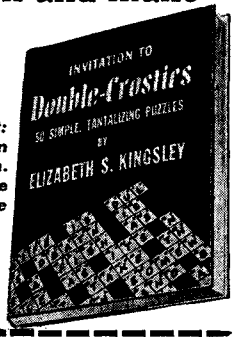

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

MRS. Hermia M. Kniskern, New York City, buys two copies of each Series to do them a second time and finds them absorbing to tide over the gap between letters from her two sons, naval officers, even to completing one at 3 A.M. when a Biblical reference took her into unfamiliar sections of the Scriptures; and she really enjoyed the mix-up in #599.

Gertrude B. Myers, Plattsburg, N. Y., wonders how single folk ever manage to solve DC's since it takes the cooperative work of both her husband and herself to accomplish the feat. I yield to no one in my admiration for a husband, for I speak from experience, but sometimes they are a luxury all do not possess, and the human spirit is unconquerable!

Donald W. Ferguson, State Teachers College Library, Valley City, North Dakota, a DCer of less than a year, has abjured reference books and even asks if I have ever given you a foreign language DC. It is apparent that he wasn't in on our grand scrap over dialects and unkeyed words!

John Paul Hicks from Palm Beach, Fla., sends the names of the librarians of Long Branch, N. J., who initiated him into DC's: Miss Mary Clarkson and Mrs. Elizabeth King.

Kate Hyland Sanzo, now of Seattle, but before her marriage librarian in a small Eastern library, was saved by an uncle who came to her rescue with a subscription to the *SRL* when friction by the head librarian arose over using the library copy for DC's.

Mrs. Helen J. Merrill, Gulfport, Miss., thinks that all the librarians she knows are DC addicts. At the time of writing in May she was furnishing Navy men in the camps with definitions for DC's.

Anne McChesney, librarian in Highlands High School, Fort Thomas, Ky., when stuck "takes the magazine to school and persuades some of her more likely pupils to do the leg work on the reference books". She likes the diagram at the bottom of the page, but doesn't like unkeyed words.

Other librarians heard from are Gladys W. Southwick, Orange Park, Fla., who finds DC's most relaxing and works them over onion paper to pass the *SRL* on to her daughter; Helen A. Bagley, Germantown, Pa., teacher of library science at Drexell Institute of Technology; Mrs. Jacob Charles Lester, long a librarian of Washington, D. C.; Pearl M. Edson, Olathe, Kansas.

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 610

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down, the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 87 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. A traveler or merchant in the East.

B. Mastery of the forces of nature as a step toward an ideal state.

C. American jurist of N.Y. State, active leader of Antifederalists, etc. (1738-1801).

D. The things with which one is busied. (Colloq.)

E. Fills with obstructions.

F. To tell of an evil omen (Rom. Antiq.)

G. American painter, sculptor, etcher, in Germany, Italy, America (1848-1919).

H. Husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.

I. Declaims in a bombastic fashion.

J. The back of the hand (Anat.)

K. Scottish author noted for masterly free translation of Rabelais (1611-60).

L. Home of late Henry Cabot Lodge on Massachusetts Bay.

M. Futile; unavailing.

N. The true religion from the point of view of the speaker (2 wds.)

O. Mentally dull (Comp.)

P. Italian anatomist, one of the founders of modern anatomy (1524?-74).

Q. Spanish-American jurist, statesman, writer (Chilean Constitution; 1769-1836).

R. Volatile oil from aromatic bark of an East Indian tree (condiment and medicine).

S. To steer away from the shore (2 wds.; Naut.)

T. A beloved family,—parents, brother and sister,—in a George Eliot novel.

U. Daughter-in-law of Naomi (Bib.)

V. Widely cultivated fruit of small Eurasian tree, resembling a crab apple, used for preserves.

W. Roman poet (epic poem "Annales" in 18 books; 239?-169 B.C.)

WORDS

91 99 27 162 166 77 62

28 75 1 115 67 61 53 174 118 139

14 22 90 85 7

71 29 150 113 49 15 35 45 98 130

10 64 94 87 173 156 145 103 46

109 159 147 122 157 165 51 32

169 57 31 92 60 148 154 19

73 146 36 140 54 68 155 132

96 131 83 8 37

70 142 59 63 101 114 3 143 52 167

160 26 4 78 2 30 129 50

11 44 69 117 39 84

95 176 168 116 133 82 42 40 124 17 65

24 48 134 100 13 97 80 34

33 136 175 47 138 126 152 58 6 104

55 110 79 161 72 81 102 141 144

16 89 66 111 153

12 107 149 158 74 106

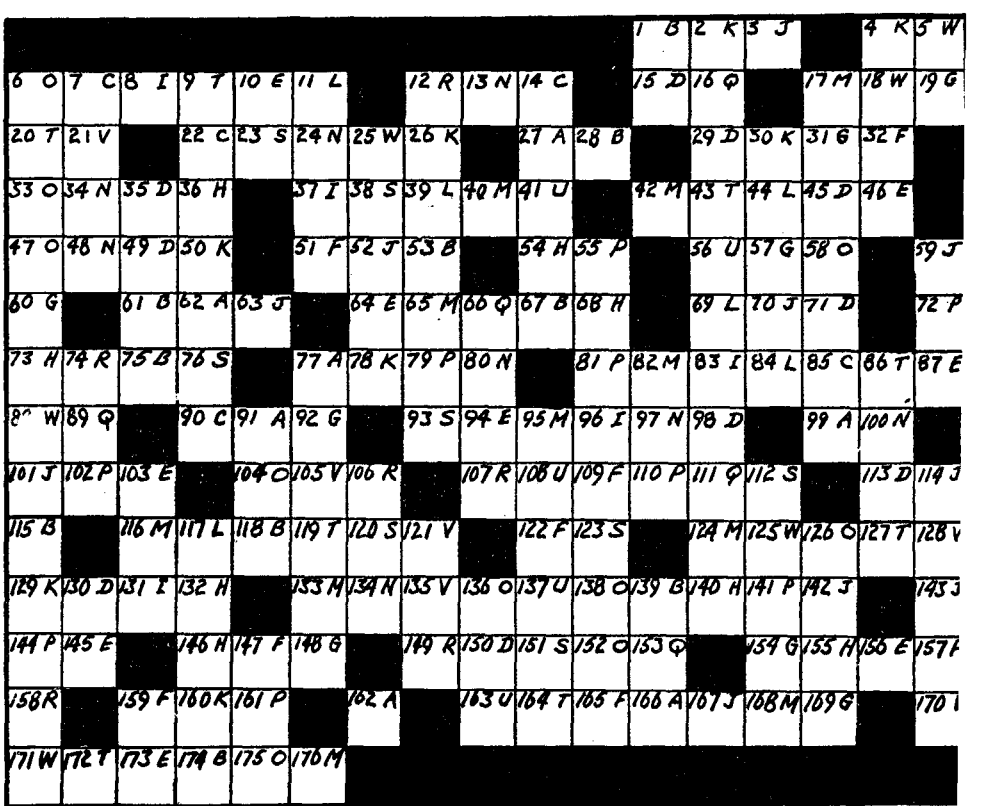
93 76 38 151 112 120 23 123

119 164 172 43 9 127 20 86

137 108 56 41 163

170 128 21 135 105 121

25 125 88 171 5 18



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